# The Outlook

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## A Legalized Despotism

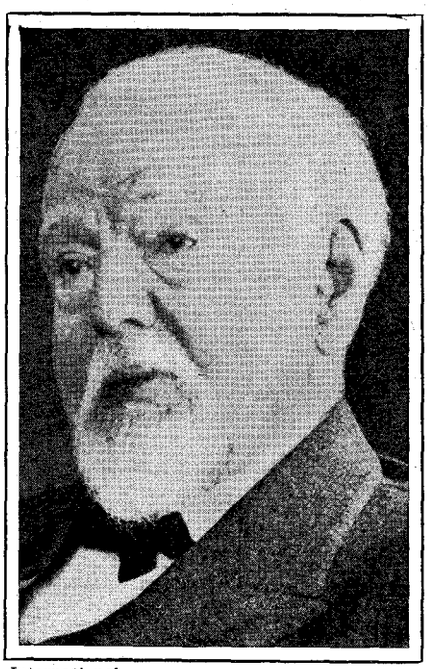
A MAN was haled into court. His accuser was his judge—judge of the law, of the facts, of he intentions of the accused, of his guilt r innocence, and of the sentence to be nposed upon him. All of this was un-'er the regular forms of law.

This did not occur in any rough-and-eady court of the frontier or under a espotism of old time. It occurred in ew York City and only the other day. he accused was Harold S. Pollard, edi-or of the New York "Evening World." lis accuser and his judge was Justice evy, of the Supreme Court of New ork County. It might have been any udge of any court of record in New ork. All of them have that power.

Mr. Pollard had conducted something f a crusade in his editorial columns gainst inadequate bail, particularly gainst the practice of one judge's set-ing aside the bail fixed by another udge. He had used the name of Judge evy, who felt himself aggrieved, in-ured, contemptuously used. Any other an, in public or private station, might ave felt the same and might have ought redress through appropriate court ction. Only a man in the position of udge Levy—that is to say, a judge of a ourt of record—could himself summon is critic before himself and himself fix he punishment of his critic. It hap-ened that Judge Levy did not punish Mr. Pollard, but that does not lessen the orce of the illustration. Any other udge, or this one in another case, may unish any man under the same circum-tances. The man so sentenced to pun-shment might appeal, but, until sen-enced, he would be at the mercy of the an whom he had criticised.

Here is a power greater than any man ught to have. Certainly, every judge hould have the power to keep order n his court, and to that end to pun-sh persons guilty of contemptuous con-duct in the presence of the court. But Mr. Pollard had neither done nor said anything in Judge Levy's court. He had merely, in his own editorial room, writ-ten some things which expressed disap-proval of the acts, not of a court, but of an officer of a court.

Things might be written under such circumstances, though it does not appear that they were in this case, for which the writer would deserve punishment. But neither the necessity for punishment nor the measure of punishment should rest within the discretion of the man criti-



International

**John E. Andrus on his 85th birthday**

cised. If he is to be the accuser, others than himself should be judge and jury. The man criticised, though he be a judge, should be required to lodge com-plaint as other men must do.

The New York law should be amended in such way as to divest judges of this despotic power.

## Save Children from Institutions

ONE of America's multimillionaires, John E. Andrus, of Yonkers, New York, made a birthday announcement as he reached the end of his eighty-fifth year. According to this he will leave after his death forty-five per cent of his fortune for the benefit of poor and or-phaned children of Westchester County, where he lives. His sympathy for those who will be the beneficiaries of this gift is beyond question.

His wife when a child was left father-less. Her mother and her little sister with herself arrived from Switzerland without the husband and father who had started with them, for he had died on the voyage. Homeless, penniless, hungry, they were taken into a family in Yon-kers. The little girl who was destined to become Mrs. Andrus was adopted by the family and was thereafter known as Julia Dyckman. In her memory and for the sake of other homeless children Mr. An-drus designs to establish a home on a hundred acres of land.

It is said that Mr. Andrus has had an expert study made of the methods here-tofore used for the care of homeless chil-dren. It is also said that he is to leave this fund in trust under a foundation he has established, known, by the reversing of his name, as the Surdna Foundation. The days when the old-fashioned orphan asylum could be regarded as a beneficent institution have long since passed. It is well recognized that there is nothing one can very well do more injurious to a child than to institutionalize him. The gingham apron, the jean overall, the lock-step, the clatter of scores of spoons into scores of plates, and all the rest of the wholesale treatment of children de-stroyed more than it saved. An indiffer-ently poor family is a better place for a child than the best of "asylums." We hope that Mr. Andrus's tender-hearted gift will be put to such a use that many another Julia Dyckman will find many another Dyckman family in which she may grow up knowing a childhood and a home indeed.

## To Get Rid of Lame Ducks

WITH only Blease, of South Caro-lina, and King, of Utah, voting in opposition, the Senate of the United States has for the third time adopted a resolution calling for an Amendment to the Constitution under which the terms of the President, Vice-President, and members of Congress would begin in January following election. This would have the effect of moving forward by about two months the inauguration of the President and Vice-President and by about eleven months the swearing in of



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Senators and Representatives. Unless called in special session, Senators and Representatives do not now take office until thirteen months after election. A Representative is actually in the midst of a campaign for re-election before he begins serving his first term. Still, the House has twice failed to act on similar resolutions after the Senate had adopted them.

The two things which would be accomplished by this resolution, introduced and piloted through to adoption by Senator Norris, would be tremendously beneficial. There are few who doubt that it would be better for the President to begin his work two months after election than four months after. Outside of Congress itself, there can hardly be two opinions as to the evil of having "lame ducks"—Senators and Representatives repudiated by their constituencies—legislate for the country through an entire session.

The changes proposed should have been made long ago. There is no excuse now for any further delay than what may be made necessary by Constitutional requirements. If the Amendment is necessary, the resolution should be promptly adopted by the House and the Amendment submitted to the States.

There is, however, room for grave doubt as to whether an amendment is necessary to accomplishment of the purpose. So able a man as Senator Underwood is quoted as having said, in debate on the Norris resolution, that everything which the Amendment would accomplish could be accomplished by legislation, and Senator King voted against the resolution on that ground.

## Is an Amendment Necessary ?

THE OUTLOOK has long held and expressed the opinion now voiced by Senator Underwood that Congress can, by enacting a law, change the time of Presidential inaugurations and the beginning of Congressional terms. For more than twenty years we have urged the necessity for removing the anomaly by which the Government is made unresponsive to the popular will, by which a President elected because of his advocacy of certain policies is prevented for four months from doing any Executive act toward putting those policies into force, and for thirteen months, in the normal course of affairs, from having a Congress elected at the same time and on the same issues that he was.

These periods of delay in putting the popular will into effect are nearly always periods of stagnation. Frequently they are periods of danger. At least one was a period of supreme disaster. If Lincoln could have been inaugurated President in December, 1860, or even in January, 1861, and if he could have had working with him the Congress elected when he was, possibly the Civil War might have been averted entirely, and certainly preparation could have been made for it which would have shortened the agony and lessened the slaughter. Though there has been no other disaster comparable to this, other disasters have been caused by these unnecessary delays, and there is always the possibility of catastrophe equal to that of the Civil War period.

If the Amendment is necessary, the House should concur promptly in the Senate resolution so that it may be submitted to the States. If an Amendment is not necessary, the House has the opportunity of setting the Senate right and giving the country, more promptly and at less expense, a needed reform.

## Fraud is Fraud

THE Supreme Court of the District of Columbia has sustained the validity of the conspiracy indictments against former Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, Edward L. Doheny, and Harry F. Sinclair in connection with the leases of the Naval oil reserves in California and Wyoming. This means, unless the Court of Appeals should take the unusual action of granting a special appeal, that these defendants must go to trial.

The ruling of the District Supreme Court is simply that the indictments make averments which, if true, constitute a conspiracy to defraud the Government of the United States; in short, that "trickery, deceit, and bribery" such as alleged do constitute a fraud. The defense, in its demurrer to the indictments, relied upon the contention that the Executive Order by which President Harding undertook to transfer control of the reserves from the Secretary of the Navy to the Secretary of the Interior was void, that Fall therefore had no authority to do the things which he is said to have conspired to do, and that therefore the United States could not have been defrauded even if the corrupt agreement charged had been carried out, and that the alleged corrupt agreement did not constitute a conspiracy.

The Court held that President Harding's order was, in fact, void and that Fall had no authority to do the things which he undertook to do, but that none the less, such an interference charged, when accompanied by trickery deceit, and bribery, constitutes a fraud and conspiracy to do it a conspiracy to defraud.

These court proceedings have been in progress for the better part of two years This is the second set of indictments returned. If they had been found not water-tight, the finding would have been a sorry commentary upon the ability of the representatives of the Government selected to prosecute cases of very large importance. It is regrettable that under our criminal system such delays as have already occurred appear to be inevitable Two millionaires and a former Cabinet member, like other persons charged with crime, should be promptly tried.

## The Tax Bill Agreed On

TWELVE days after the date of the issue of The Outlook Federal income-tax returns will have to be filed All whose net incomes were not more than $10,000 during 1925 will be exempt from the payment of any surtax. On their taxable incomes the tax will be 1½ per cent on the first $4,000, 3 per cent on the second $4,000, and 5 per cent on the remainder. This the House and Senate have been agreed upon for about a month. Such taxpayers have by this time probably received their blanks.

Now the Senate and House Conferees have agreed on the other provisions of the Tax Bill. By these provisions the taxes to be paid this year will be reduced from those of last year by $381,000,000 This is about $80,000,000 in excess of the Treasury estimate of the reduction that can be safely made; but Senator Smoot is authority for the statement that the Treasury Department is now convinced that it can stand this larger cut because of "the increasing prosperity of the country."

There has been all along a belief in Congress, fairly general, that larger reductions than those suggested by the Treasury could be made without running into a deficit. The House expressed this belief by providing for reductions some $30,000,000 in excess of the estimates. The Senate then ran more or less wild and slashed $125,000,000 below the House cut. The adjustment in conference permits about $50,000,000 of the

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# You'll be surprised: muster your wits

*(Love's Labor's Lost, Act V, Scene 2)*

*Williams in the New York American*

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**The price of conflict**

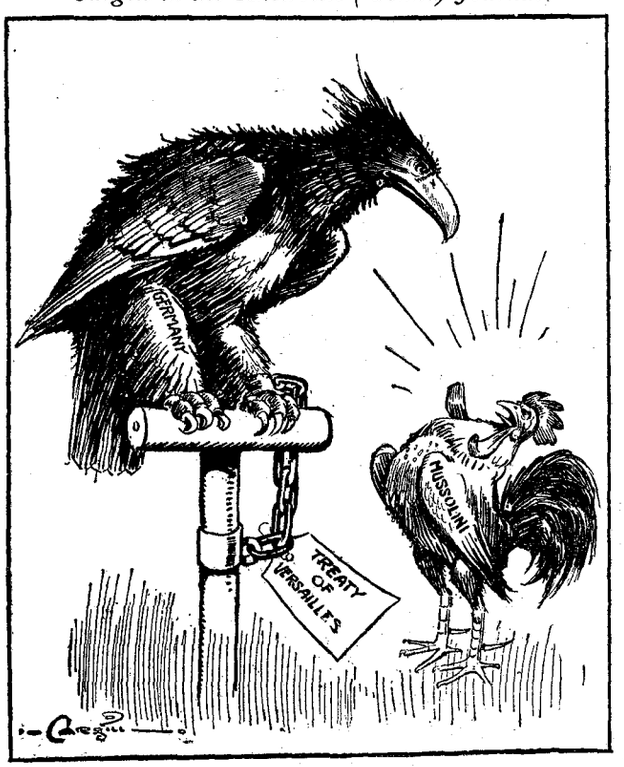
From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

*Byck in the New York Commercial*

**Now you hear it and now you don't**

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

*Cargill in the Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal*




**Who's afraid?**

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

*Brown in the New York Herald Tribune*

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**If immigration laws become any stricter**

From Max Teacher, Attleboro, Mass.

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Senate cut to stand, but restores to the bill the other $75,000,000. Thus a bill is secured which appears to be fairly satisfactory to House, Senate, and Treasury. The President will doubtless sign it.

The reduction of $80,000,000 in addition to that recommended by the Treasury will doubtless be welcome to the taxpayers. But, after all, would not the taxpayers have gained more if the Treasury estimates had been accepted and the Tax Bill promptly passed? It might have been done in December instead of the end of February.

The conference agreement restores the estate tax, eliminated by the Senate, but raises the exemption limit from $50,000 to $100,000. The capital stock tax is repealed in agreement with Senate action. The 3 per cent tax on automobiles, imposed in the House bill, was restored. The tax on trucks, tires, accessories, and parts was repealed. The Senate provision for taxing admissions and dues was permitted to stand. The Senate surtax rates were accepted, providing reductions in the brackets between $24,000 and $64,000.

The normal tax rates were the same in both bills and were approved.

## The Danger in the Income Tax

More than half of the persons who paid income taxes last year are exempt under the terms of the pending bill. The number of those who paid last year is 4,270,000. It is estimated that only 2,200,000 will pay this year. The computations upon which this estimate is based were made by the Government Actuary, an official of the Treasury Department, for the guidance of the Ways and Means and the Finance Committees.

This is the most significant fact of the bill which is about to become the Tax Law. In a certain sense it is an alarming fact. It shows, what many feared from the outset, that the Income-Tax Amendment is having the effect of creating a taxed minority, somewhat at the mercy of the tax-free majority. About two per cent of the population will pay this year all of the income taxes, and receipts from income tax constitute much the larger part of the total revenue of the Government.

By the operation of the principle of the income tax, we have been drawn into one of the inherent dangers of democracy, the burdening of minorities by the majority. Resentment on the part of the taxed minority is inevitable. Tax dodging, disposal of incomes by subterfuge, and the hiding away of property will become almost inevitable.

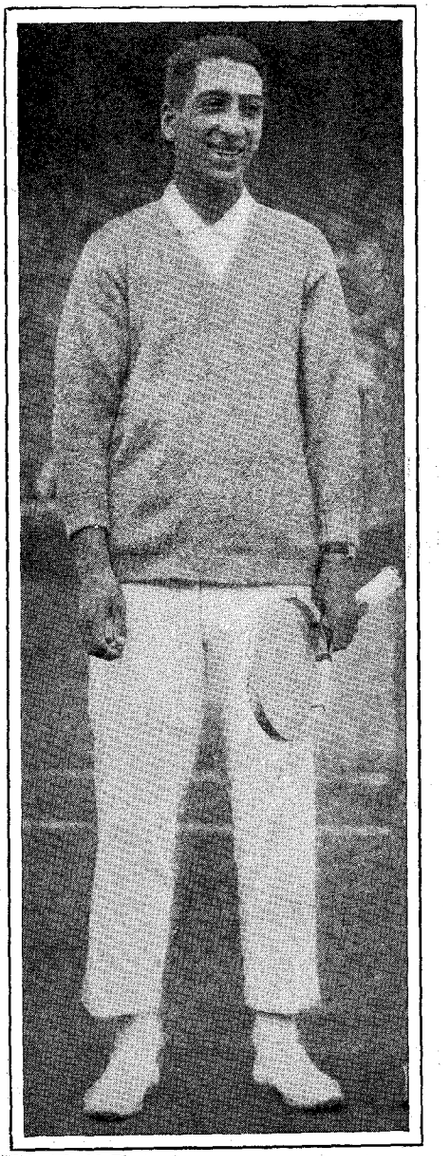
It is hardly likely that the law now about to be enacted will stand for more than two years. Further reductions in revenue may not be possible, but there undoubtedly will be pressure in the next Congress for still further exemptions, leaving the burden upon a still smaller number of people.

How far can we go without running into disaster on that course? If we are to continue the income tax as the main source of Federal revenue, shall we not ultimately be forced to enact a law which will impose a tax on all incomes?

## Tennis in Winter Quarters

France, though in financial doldrums, has the right to rejoice in her tennis players.

Within a week of Suzanne Lenglen's triumph over the American woma champion, Helen Wills, on the Rivier there followed the triumph of the Frenc team in the American indoor singl championship. Tilden the Great w defeated by Jean Borotra. Richard supposed to be invincible against any o but Tilden and Johnston, was beaten b René Lacoste. Francis T. Hunter w beaten by the third member of t French team, Jacques Brugnon. T Frenchmen administered all three d feats in straight sets. In the finals t conqueror of Tilden was overcome b Lacoste, who thereby became Americ indoor champion.



Wide World Photos

**René Lacoste, American indoor tennis champion**

In spite of this sensational upset, t Lenglen-Wills match continues to be t talk of the tennis world. That is b cause on the Riviera tennis is combine with the tumult and temperament. T background there is utterly foreign American sportsmen who have nev been to Cannes or Nice or elsewhe along the Côte d'Azur. The Rivie gallery is a polyglot, polychrome assem blage made up of the play-boys an play-girls of the more or less civilize world. The spectacle, not the game, the thing.

It is the Lenglen temperament, pa ticularly in such surroundings, rath than any tendency to quit that lays th Lenglen type of game open to wreckag It is a great injustice to the French woman and to what she has done fo women's tennis to insinuate that she ha a "yellow streak." Nervous reactio from a constitutional tendency to over dramatize practically all of her publi appearances attacks her at times, and i requires the highest type of courage t "reorganize" for victory.

Miss Wills, on the other hand, sinc her great battle with Miss McKane a Forest Hills and her unmannerly treat ment by the gallery then, seems to hav been able to blot out her surroundings t some extent. This was shown by he play before the Riviera gallery.

International sport, after all, is t some extent a matter of backgrounds which accounts for the success of th international track meets among Oxfor and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale Princeton and Cornell. The environment of these meets is reasonably similar, whether they are held in this country or in England, and in addition they enjoy immunity from professional betting. Without professional betting there would be no Riviera, and no Riviera ten-

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nis. It is small wonder that under the conditions contestants feel it no disgrace to default in the middle of a match, which sometimes happens. Max Decugis once did this in the middle of an Olympic meet without incurring criticism. But the French tennis team now in this country would never think of such a thing. Jean Borotra turned an ankle in a doubles match at Longwood last fall, and, though suffering greatly, gamely continued to the finish. On his home courts or on the Riviera it is doubtful if he would so have punished himself. His continuance was in deference to the setting in which he played.

It is to be hoped that Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Wills will go through with it at Wimbledon, with its rich traditions of hard, fast, courteous tennis, supported by a seemly gallery.

## Rubber Climbs Down

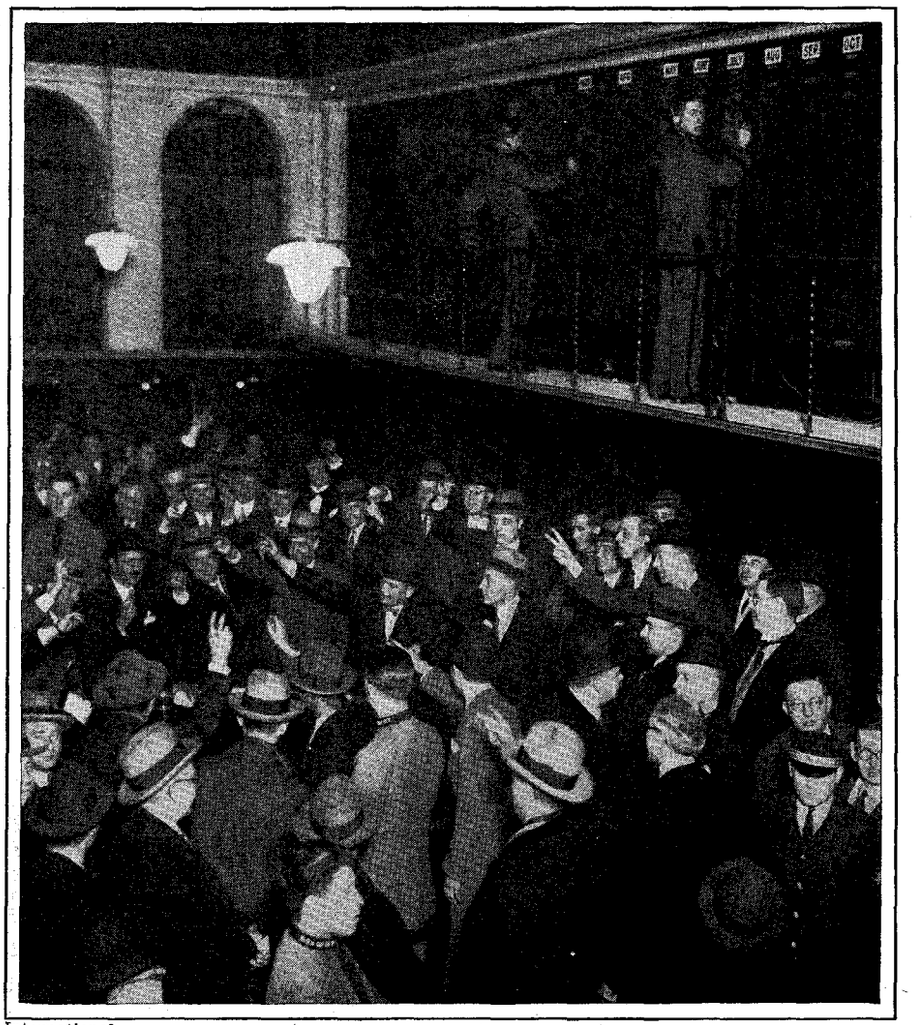
RUBBER prices are down—not enough, but enough to help. Indications are, too, that they are going lower. Trading on New York's newly formed Rubber Exchange indicates that those who are in the business of buying and selling rubber for future delivery expect a steady decline in prices. A recent day's business showed March selling at 53.50, May at 62.40, July at 62.00, and December at 59.20. Evidently those in the "game" expect the rubber price to follow the law of falling bodies—to fall more rapidly the longer it falls.

In London, too, a sharp decline has occurred, not alone of rubber itself, but of rubber stocks.

At least three reasons are advanced for what might be called the deflation of tires. There are those who believe that the law of supply and demand is almost wholly responsible. It is pointed out that the plantations of the Dutch East Indies, whose owners refused to join with those of the British East Indies in carrying out the Stevenson scheme, are coming into larger and larger production under the stimulus of high prices, and that the British no longer control a sufficiently large part of the world supply to be able to fix prices through control of production or otherwise.

There are others who believe that the modification of the Stevenson scheme, bringing about an increase of at least fifteen per cent in the quantity of rubber available for export, started the decline.

It is a part of this belief that the British Government became alarmed at the likelihood of offending its best customer, and practically threw the Stevenson plan into the discard.



International

**The New Rubber Exchange in Action**

The third opinion is related to the second. It is that the campaign inaugurated by Secretary of Commerce Hoover has already achieved a measure of success. If that is true, a considerable part of the success consists in having brought to the British a realization of the danger involved in artificial boosting of prices and to Americans a realization of the cost of wasteful use of rubber. The Hoover campaign has not, of course, resulted as yet in the production of any more rubber. It has resulted in the saving of some and the reclaiming of more. American factories used in 1925 more than 300,000,000 pounds of reclaimed rubber, and have announced that they will be able to use reclaimed rubber to the extent of practically half a billion pounds this year.

All of these things, doubtless, have played a part in bringing about the welcome situation. But the most important factor, after all, probably is the determination reached by the American people within the past few months not to remain forever dependent upon other countries for rubber. It is to be hoped that this determination will not ooze away with the return of prices more tolerable than those which have recently obtained.

## Moral Turpitude in the Immigrant

COUNTESS CATHCART, after much pawing of records and red tape at Washington by officials who knew comparatively little of the facts or of the meaning of the law, is permitted to visit the United States for ten days. The Countess admitted having been divorced after eloping with another woman's husband. So American snobdom may, for the period of ten days, bask in the presence of a woman with a title who figured in a divorce case in which the corespondent also had a title. Moreover, it is rumored that the Countess has a play or an opera or something to peddle up and down Broadway. It would be hard to find a person better qualified to bring thrills to

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our democratic snobdom. There have been hundreds of similar cases, but no row was raised. The persons were not noble.

Out of all the wild discussion of the Cathcart case nobody else has gained anything. Those who have been discussing adultery as an act of moral turpitude have cast no light upon the law that held the Countess at Ellis Island. They have simply revealed their own moral standards.

Still, the public ought to profit somewhat in the long run by this rather disgusting incident. The futility of setting up as a bar to admission the confession of acts involving moral turpitude has certainly been proved. The phrase as it stands in the law means nothing unless it is defined, and everybody has his own definition. Congress ought to define it by naming specifically in the Immigration Law the offenses for which persons are to be excluded.

As a result of this incident, it should be clear, too, that the Commissioner of Immigration—the man who has to decide questions on the spot and who knows the peculiar conditions of each case—ought to be given larger discretionary powers under a more definite law. Commissioner Curran has been severely criticised in connection with the Cathcart case, when, as a fact, he had no discretion in the matter. He had to follow the law and the decision under it made by his superiors in the Department of Labor in Washington—good men, but men who necessarily know comparatively little of problems as they arise at Ellis Island.

We should have a law that would define clearly the duties of immigration officials on duty at the ports of entry. Those officials should be men whose discretion can be trusted, and, within the limits of the law, they should have discretionary power.

## Full Cargoes

CAPTAIN GEORGE FRIED, of the President Roosevelt, is not only a man of courage and resource, but of common sense. In the course of a speech designed to do justice to the first two qualities, given at a luncheon in honor of the captain and his men at the Hotel Astor by the Merchants Association of New York, Willis H. Booth, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company, called attention to the curious indifference of the American attitude towards our place on the sea. What he had evidently in mind was the steady refusal of all kinds of Congresses to grant ship subsidies.

The Captain, in replying, looked over the thousand or more merchant princes seated about him, and observed cogently that they were in a position to do more than utter cheers and sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." "You are," he said, "in a position to give us full cargoes for the trip over, and, if you send word to the other side, they'll be glad to fill us up for the trip back. That's all we need. We can carry them as quickly, safely, and cheaply as any one else."

True words and well spoken. "Full cargoes" is a much more potent slogan than "subsidies." We profess alarm over the control of the Pacific, and then let our ships carry more water ballast than wares. If the ships that cross the Atlantic under the American flag were loaded to the water-line both ways, there would be no problem in keeping the flag on the sea.


## Who Plants the Seeds of Discontent?

**"With a wife and two children to support on the faith of the Government's promise, he is now shining shoes" So ends one story that Henry W. Jessup will tell in a forthcoming article in The Outlook. Is the United States Government as honest as it expects its citizens to be? Mr. Jessup's article will not incline you to answer yes.**


## Germany in the League

GERMANY'S entry into the League of Nations seems likely to prove the first real test whether it can develop into an agency for European peace. Heretofore any question of balance of power at Geneva has been between former allies. Now the League has to face the issue of those conflicts and fears which have made Europe a battle-ground of warring camps, and find whether it can cope with them or is to be split by them.

Following special agreements concluded at the time of the Locarno treaties of security and arbitration between the Allies and Germany, steps have been taken to give Germany a permanent seat on the Council of the League when the Assembly acts on her application for membership. France has shown her uneasiness by backing a move to secure seats at the same time for Poland and Spain, and possibly for the leading South American countries in turn. As concerns Poland, the intention obviously is to offset Germany's influence by including in the Council another of the allies of France. As concerns Spain, the intention is only slightly less obvious. It is to strengthen the so-called Latin group, of which France holds the leadership, as against the group which tends to fall in line with Great Britain.

The opposition of Great Britain and Sweden apparently will block the French desire to increase the Council in this way, and limit action to the admission of Germany. The vote of one member of the Council is always sufficient to interpose an effective veto.

Germany, it may be assumed, has decided to go into the League, not because she has been urged, but for reasons of her own, because her Government sees things to be accomplished to advantage at Geneva. Her policy may be expected to coincide most frequently with that of Great Britain and the north European neutrals.

Meanwhile her inclusion in the Council is causing a new campaign in France against the Locarno treaties. Tardieu, Clemenceau's former right-hand man, recently re-elected to Parliament, is leading the Nationalists in an attack based on the ground that the treaties would immobilize France in case of a move for the union of Austria and Germany. They would make it impossible for French troops to cross the Rhine without the sanction of the League Council, which Germany's vote would be sufficient to prevent.

Evidently, the presence of Germany at Geneva is destined to subject the League's deliberations on European problems to the pressure of much sharper actualities.

## "Skyscrapers"

RESTLESSNESS—American restlessness, the restlessness of the big American city, the restlessness of its work and of its play—is the theme in music, dance,

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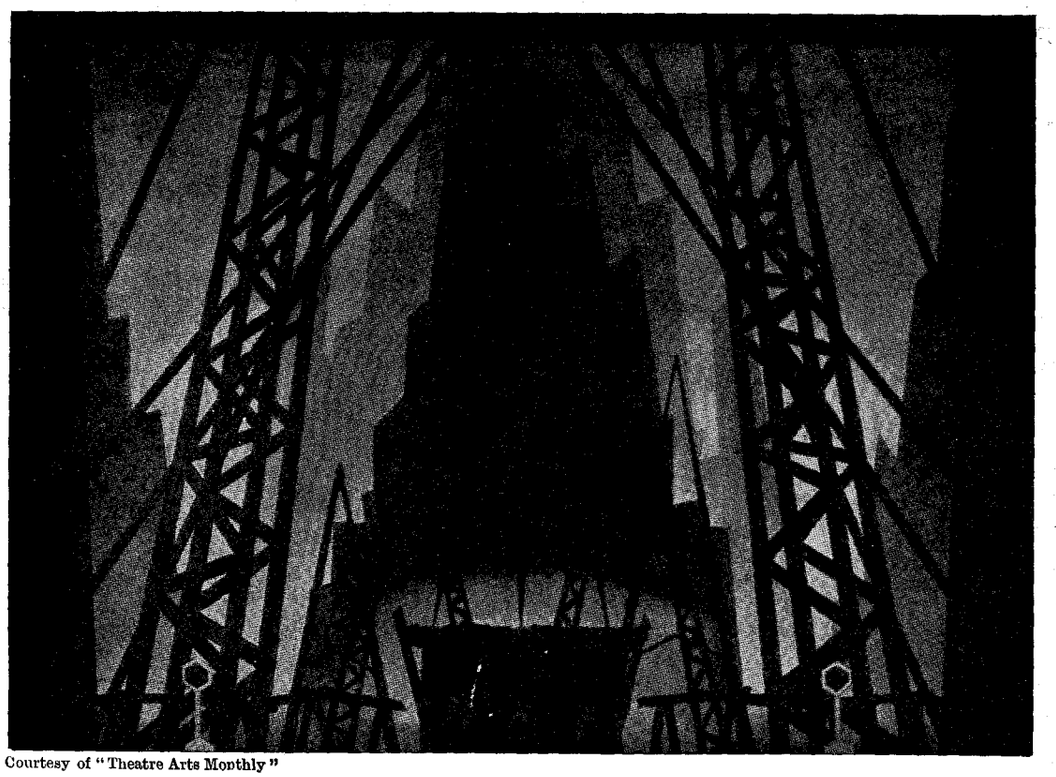
antomime, and scenery of John Alden Carpenter's ballet "Skyscrapers." It is roperly called Mr. Carpenter's, for, lthough he had collaborators who were reative in their contributions, he, we nderstand, conceived the idea as well s the music. Robert Edmond Jones, ho has established himself as a master f stage settings, designed the back-rounds. Samuel (better known in the iendly fashion of Broadway as "Sam-ıy") Lee planned the dances and pan-ɔmime and trained the dancers. Might ot this be called a product of American igher education? For are not Carpen-r and Jones graduates of Harvard, and as not Sammy Lee trained the football layers and other undergraduates who ave besported themselves as chorus rls in Hasty Pudding theatricals?

In the accounts of this ballet-panto-ime too much emphasis has been laid pon the element of jazz in it. Un-oubtedly throughout, both in the or-hestral score and in the dance forms, here is a rhythm and a spirit that jazz as seized upon and almost claimed for s own. But all that is American is not ecessarily jazz, not even when it is ost spirited and most restless. What Ir. Carpenter does in this score of his to take jazz as he takes the other ounds and movements of American city fe and blend it with the rest of the ngredients to make up his musical inter-retation.

As the curtain rises the audience sees a back drop with diagonal lines in black and white, such as one sees at railway crossings on the gates across the track, and in front of the stage two huge blinking traffic lights of red. What better symbols of the speed of American life could there be? And then follow in the sight of the audience skillfully conventionalized but not too subtle representations of industry and what passes for recreation in a city like New York. The riveters on the skyscrapers do not change their black clothing, shiny with metallic luster, when they leave their labors, but dash into the swirl of Coney Island with its merry-go-rounds, its grotesque mirrors, its side-shows, and its dancing. The only point of repose comes when the white-clad Negro street-cleaner drops asleep at his post and as it were in his dreams hears the song of the moaning sons and daughters of slavery. But play resolves itself again into work, and the pantomime ends as the huge shadows of the men at work on the skyscrapers are cast rhythmically athwart the sky.

It is said that Mr. Carpenter owes a good deal to the Russians—not only for the choreographic conceptions of the ballet and its setting, but for the musical technique, specifically to Stravinsky. Well, if so, why not? There is enough both in the music and in the setting that no Russians or any other people but Americans could have conceived to provide a flavor quite distinctive.



**In the pantomime-ballet "Skyscrapers" the title rôle is played by these towering masses of shadow. In the foreground can be seen two traffic lights—one on each side. This is the stage setting for the final scene of a distinctively American musical drama without acting—a harmonization of the chaos of modern city life**

Courtesy of "Theatre Arts Monthly"

## Intervention—What It Means

OIL, religion, and dives have combined to make our relations with Mexico of late somewhat strained.

For some time it has been oil. Americans, as well as Englishmen and others, have secured certain oil and mining properties in Mexico which the Mexican Government would like to recover. Indeed, if left to itself, the Mexican Government would undoubtedly confiscate them. It has adopted a policy of nationalizing its lands. But those who own, manage, and work these properties have rights safeguarded by treaty. Our Government has warned Mexico that she must not try to put into operation laws that violate these rights.

Lately the strain has been increased by questions of religion. There are American missionaries in Mexico, both Protestant and Catholic. In Mexico they are foreigners, but they have treaty rights. The Mexican Government has undertaken to make all teaching in Mexico secular, and to that end has prohibited all teaching of religion whether in State or Church schools, and has undertaken to drive out and keep out all foreign teachers and ministers of religion.

In the third place, there has been an added strain because of saloons along the border. This has been intensified by a recent shocking tragedy. An American

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by the name of Peteet, with his wife and two daughters, crossed the border from San Diego, California, to Tia Juana in search of a "good time." Leaving his wife sick at a hotel, he went with his daughters from one resort to another, drinking here and there. Finally, at one of the saloons the daughters were drugged and outraged. When the father came to himself, he collected his small family and with them returned to San Diego. There all four, by mutual consent, committed suicide.

Mexico has thus been arousing the hostility of large groups of Americans. She has alarmed and antagonized those who have a strong sense of property rights, those who are loyal to their respective churches, and those who, whether moral themselves or not, do not want foreign immorality to flourish at their expense or the expense of their fellow-countrymen.

And the case against Mexico is strong. We do not have such complaints against our neighbor to the north. Canada does not try to confiscate the property of Americans within her borders, or to expel American priests, nuns, and ministers, or to permit dives and dens of vice along our border. It is natural that those who have property rights in Mexico should expect the American Government to protect those rights as Great Britain protects the rights of his Brittanic Majesty's subjects. It is natural that church people should protest against treatment that seems to them like savagery. It is natural that the people of such a State as California should demand that something be done to clean up a plague spot in their neighborhood where open gambling, thieving, drinking, and dope dealing seem to be the only "industries," and where faro dens, gin mills, opium joints, and houses of ill fame are the only "monuments."

But let us look at the situation for a moment from the Mexican point of view.

For generations the people of Mexico have been exploited. Poor, they were deprived of their land. Accustomed to tyranny, they were subjected to new bondage. Ignorant, they were kept in ignorance by the Church. When the arbitrary rule of Diaz broke of its own weight, they fell the prey of factions. Incapable of developing their resources for themselves, they have naturally allowed those resources to fall into the hands of foreigners, largely through corrupt practices. What would a patriotic Mexican wish to do for his people? First, to recover their land. Next, to drive out those who have exploited them. And yet Mexico is nominally a civilized nation with treaty obligations to other nations, and with a powerful neighbor who has good use for the oil and other wealth which is being developed and has good reason to wish to help her rise and become stable, and prosperous, and contented.

We should not forget that less than three hundred years ago England was expelling Catholic priests from her domain, and was violently struggling with the exploiters of her land and people. And as for Tia Juana—has it not been kept going, with all its abominations, by people from the United States? Is it so much a Mexican disgrace as an American disgrace?

Mexico is a problem because it is a sixteenth-century country in a twentieth-century environment. What would have been normal a few centuries ago is anarchy to-day. The world has moved, and left Mexico behind. Perhaps there are some things of value which the world has passed by that Mexico still has—leisure and the love of music and the beautiful, for instance. But the twentieth century cannot very well adjust itself to the sixteenth; the sixteenth will have to adjust itself to the twentieth.

And the process is going to be a slow one and calls for patience.

There has been a cry for intervention. Let us not fool ourselves into thinking that we can honorably begin intervention without carrying it through. We tried that twice—once by bombarding Vera Cruz, and once by sending Pershing on a wild goose chase after Villa—and both times it resulted only in humiliation for us. The only intervention that can count will be of a sort that involves a responsibility for Mexico which no American statesman has yet dared assume. Perhaps we ought to assume it. There was a time, during the period of anarchy there, when we could have successfully assumed it. But to intervene simply to settle some oil rights, or to make Mexico stop expelling priests and clergymen, or to clean up a frontier town, would be to start a policy that would lead us either to another humiliating failure or to a vast enterprise for which our people are at present wholly unprepared—or possibly to start Mexico to appealing to the League of Nation for support.

## The Usurping Senate

QUIET and even humdrum a these times of ours are, we ar none the less in the midst o revolution in the United States.

Are we not?

What is revolution but the effort of part of the people to do by extra-lega means a thing that might be done b legal means, to substitute for the estab lished method a novel method, whic latter, if the revolution succeeds, be comes in time the established method?

Is such an effort any the less revolu tion because it is insidious rather tha violent?

Certainly not.

Where in the United States at thi time is the effort making to substitute a extra-legal for a legal method in govern ment?

The effort is making in the Senate o the United States, where certain Senators, including a majority of the Judiciary Committee, are trying to have the Senate itself assume a function which legally and Constitutionally belongs to the Department of Justice. They have been proposing to conduct an investigation of the Aluminum Company of America to determine whether or not that company has engaged in trade practices in restraint of trade, in violation of the anti-trust laws and of a consent decree entered against it fourteen years ago by a Federal court in Pennsylvania.

The Department of Justice already has conducted an investigation of that kind and has announced that there is no ground for proceeding against the Aluminum Company of America.

Now let it be assumed for the purpose of this argument that the Aluminum Company of America has in fact violated the consent decree, that it has engaged and continues to engage in practices contrary to the law.

Let it be assumed further that the investigation made by the Department of Justice, because of incompetence or sloth or corruption, was abortive.

Under that state of facts, Congress might proceed by legal means to serve the ends of justice and of vindication of the law. It would be the duty of the House of Representatives to impeach the Attorney-General and such other offi-

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ials of the Department of Justice as ıave been derelict in duty. It would be he duty of the Senate to try those offiials and, if they were found guilty, to emove them, to the end that their places night be taken by other officials who vould do their duty.

Let it be assumed, violent as the asumption is, that the President would ıot appoint officials who would perform his specific duty, but would appoint ıfficials who, by reason of incompetence ır neglect, or deliberate intention, would eave the guilty corporation still unpunshed. Congress would have still its legal neans of procedure. It could by the ame process impeach, convict, and remove from office the President of the United States.

The majority of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, for whom Senator Walsh, of Montana, is the spokesman, have chosen not to employ these legal means, but to substitute for them extralegal means—the assumption by the Senate, without legal authority, of the duty in the discharge of which the Department of Justice is said to have failed.

Such a proceeding is revolutionary in that it amounts to seizure by the Senate of executive powers granted by the Constitution to the President.

It is revolutionary in that it seeks to make, or would have the effect of making, the legislative branch of the Government supreme, whereas under the Constitution it is co-ordinate in power with the executive and the judicial branches. It would overturn the principle that sovereignty is lodged solely in the people and, instead, would lodge supreme power in one of the three branches of government, the legislative.

If the Senate can arrogate to itself this superiority of power over one department of the executive branch, it can do the same for all departments of that branch—even for the third branch of government, the judicial.

Here, certainly, is nothing less than revolution.

He would be a bold man—or, perhaps, an excessively timid one—who would say that no change in our form of government is desirable. It may well be that the lodging of supreme authority somewhere is desirable. It is not impossible that one of the three branches of government ought to be able to command the other two.

But it is neither too bold nor too timid to say that, if this change is to be brought about, it should be done by Constitutional, and not by revolutionary methods—by an amendment to the Constitution rather than by an arbitrary assumption.

And if one branch is to be made supreme even by legal means, should that branch be the legislative?

It is well to remember that the hardest struggle in the history of English-speaking peoples has been that with irresponsible legislative authority. It was not by accident, but by design, that the Congress was limited by the Constitution to the powers therein granted.

Here are questions that the people ought to think about.

Perhaps the statement ought to be made that, though this is the boldest stroke so far, the revolution now seems less likely to succeed than it did two years ago. When a revolution fails to go forward, it must almost inevitably go backward, and Senator Walsh apparently is not supported in his forward movement by his own party associates. Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, the Democratic leader in the Senate, is prepared to offer a substitute resolution directing the Senate to go no further than it went in the oil cases—that is, to recommend grand jury action. If, however, the will of the majority of the Judiciary Committee prevails despite this discouragement, the situation will become the more dangerous. It might have been hardly more than the bid of a party for political advantage, but that is in the main renounced by Senator Robinson's action. If the Senate now assumes the power which belongs to the Department of Justice, the action can be nothing short of usurpation.

# A Humorous Saint

## By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

**Contributing Editor of The Outlook**

THIS year of our Lord 1926 will see the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of one of the gentlest saints and most romantic figures of Christendom—St. Francis of Assisi. But it was neither the gentleness nor the romance of St. Francis that first drew me to him; it was his joyous sense of humor. This delightful quality of St. Francis, and of his early associates and followers, is a thing quite distinct from, although undoubtedly related to, the spiritual joy and serenity which saints of all ages have professed and felt. A sense of humor, says Emersion, speaking of Abraham Lincoln, enabled him "to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; to mask his own purpose and sound his companion; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed; and, more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the over-driven brain against rancor and insanity."

St. Francis possessed this kind of a sense of humor. It appears definitely, once, at any rate, in the very creed which he wrote, and it peeps out frequently in the legends or stories, the *Fioretti* or "Little Flowers," which were woven about his name by his devoted followers and disciples. He had an appreciation of the droll and the comic. On one occasion, in an exhortation to his disciples, he went so far as to point his moral with an excellent pun. Paul Sabatier, a French Protestant and a most painstaking and loyal biographer of St. Francis, says that "in the history of the early Franciscan Mission there are bursts of laughter which ring out high and clear."

It was Paul Sabatier's biography which, about thirty years ago, first attracted my attention to St. Francis and to the quality of his humor. From that biography I learned that one of the precepts of the Rule of the Franciscan Order, a Rule which is believed to come from the hand of the saint himself, inculcates a sense of humor. It reads, in the colloquial Latin which St. Francis wrote and spoke, as follows:

> Caveant fratres quod non ostendant se tristes extrinsicus, nubilosos et hypocritas; sed ostendant se gaudentes in Domine, hilares et convenienter gratiosos.

This may be fairly put into English in these words:

> Let the brothers take care not to appear long-faced, gloomy, or overpious; but let them be joyous about

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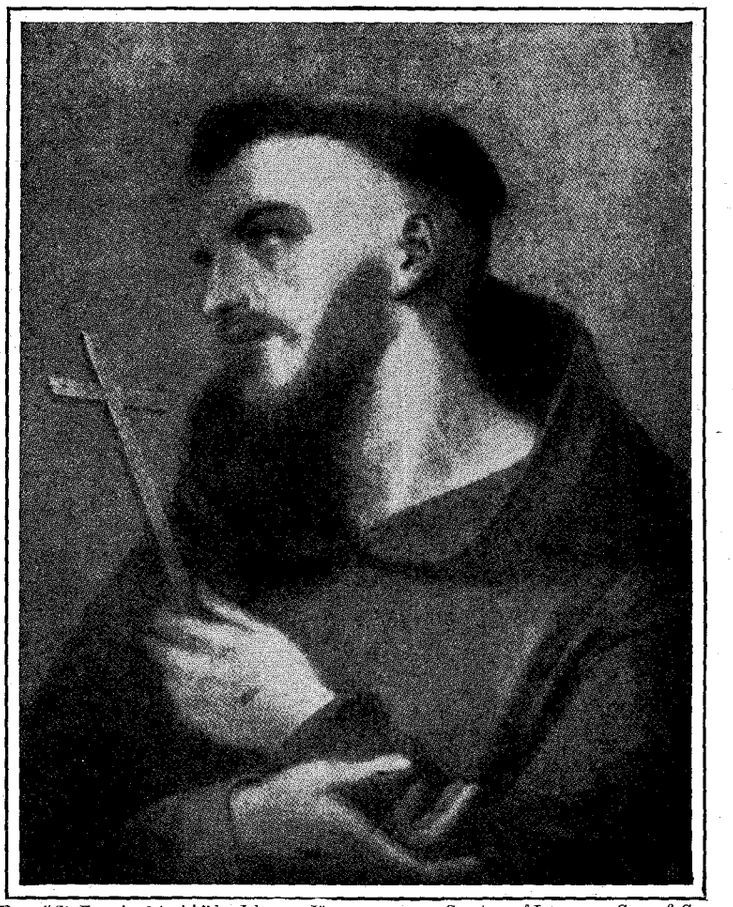
their faith in God, laughing and agreeable companions.

I once translated *convenienter gratiosos* by the term "good mixers." But I found this colloquialism grated slightly on the ears of a good friend of mine, a devout Catholic, who felt that it was a little inappropriate to apply so modern a phrase to so sanctified a spirit as St. Francis. But why not? The great Master of St. Francis was accused by the conventionalists of his day of being a mixer with publicans and sinners; and a conservative and entirely respectable British journal, the "Quarterly Review," recently said that the *gratiosus* side of Jesus has been too much neglected. In reviewing Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows," which may almost be called a colloquial life of Jesus, the "Quarterly" remarks that the book "brings out admirably that side of the personality of Christ which superstition has denied to him—his joy of life, his laughter, qualities which he must have possessed if he were to win (as he did win) the hearts of children and of the every-day multitude."

This power of attraction St. Francis also possessed—and quite naturally. His father was a rich merchant and his mother a lady of the gentry. Intended to be a wealthy business man and supplied by his father with plenty of money and leisure, he was a gay, lively, and popular young man about town. He even went to the wars in search of mundane glory. But after a sudden conversion, which some would like to think not less miraculous than St. Paul's, he abandoned wealth and war and became the apostle of poverty and peace. But he never was, like some of the saints on the calendar, an eremite; to the end of his comparatively short, but superlatively influential, career he maintained his love of life and joy and the beauties of nature. Nor, apparently, did he entirely lose the power of employing the language of the trenches and the camps, for an ardent disciple and companion, Thomas of Celano, tells us that on one occasion he vented his indignation on a friar, who showed a too great fondness for the society of ladies, in words scarcely suitable to be literally repeated in the biography of a saint. His instinctive gayety sometimes cropped out in an unexpected way. The same contemporary biographer who describes his vigorous denunciation of the amorous



From "St. Francis of Assisi," by Johannes Jörgensen Courtesy of Longmans, Green & Co.

**St. Francis of Assisi**

**Reproduction of the painting by Spagnoletto in the Palazzo Reale, Genoa**

friar says that more than once he saw St. Francis take a stick and, drawing it across his arm like a fiddle bow on a fiddle, sing psalms of praises to the Lord in French; and French was pre-eminently the joyous language of his time. Perhaps these hymns were his own composition. There is one still in existence, which is at least ascribed to him, the famous "Hymn to the Sun." It was perhaps suggested to him by the 148th Psalm. In it he calls upon all creatures to praise the Lord, especially Brother Sun, radiant and splendid; and Sister Moon, luminous and lovely in the sky; and Brother Wind, the master of cloud and fair weather; and Sister Water, precious and pure; and Brother Fire, luminous, mighty, and strong; and Mother Earth, which gives us fruits and flowers of many colors. The man who wrote this surely loved life and its beauties.

He loved, too, in a way, if the *Fioretti* may be believed, the very foolishness of men. One of his favorites was a Friar Juniper, who was all the time doing the most senseless things by way of expressing his faith and devotion, and all the time exciting equally the vexation, the amusement, and the compassion of St. Francis. One day Friar Juniper cut off the foot of a pig, pasturing in the forest, to cook and give to a fellow-friar who was sick. Naturally, the owner of the pig came to the brethren in a state of fury. But when Friar Juniper explained to the man that he had done it out of a spirit of charity and of service to God, and by his spirit of simplicity so wrought upon the owner of the pig that he was then and there converted and gave what was left of the pig to the friars for their sustenance and announced that he would hereafter devote himself to a life of piety, St. Francis's indignation and annoyance with Friar Juniper was changed to compassion and he exclaimed to his companions, "Would to God, my brethren, that I had a whole forest of such junipers!"

One of the pleasantest stories of St. Francis is that of his sermon to the birds. On one of his preaching missions he stopped by the wayside and said to his companions, "Tarry here for me by the way, and I will go and preach to my little sisters, the birds." Whereupon he bade the birds to be grateful to their Creator for the feathers with which they were clothed, for the wings with which

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they could fly, and for the pure air into which they could soar. And the birds, it is related, acknowledged the lesson by stretching their necks, spreading their wings, opening their beaks, and looking intently on him. By the devout this is regarded as one of the miraculous signs of the saintship of St. Francis. It is rather, I think, a sign of his humorous wisdom. By choosing the birds as a congregation and professing to preach to them on the duty of gratitude he was really taking the surest and most captivating route to the ears and hearts of his human hearers.

It is well for St. Francis that he had a sense of humor, for without it he must have been unutterably sad. No man in history has been actuated by a more genuine and passionate love of peace, simplicity, and brotherly kindness. He lived to see the brotherhood which he founded become a highly complex organization, possessing large properties and torn with sectarianism. Even his last illness was tainted by the love of money on the part of some of his followers—a love which he had tried so hard during his devoted life to eradicate. "In March, 1226," says an admiring English biographer, "he was under a famous physician at Siena. Admonished by a severe hemorrhage, he dictated his spiritual Testament to Benedict of Prato—a last touching appeal for the pure, strict, and single-minded observance of his Rule. After a short rest at Cortona, where dropsy set in, Friar Elias had the death-stricken saint carried to Assisi, and at Bagnora the sorrowful procession was met by an armed force sent by the authorities at Assisi, who were fearful lest the men of the rival city of Perugia might snatch the body and thus deprive them of its lucrative possession."

In spite of this touch of lucre, Assisi has been for seven hundred years, and will continue to be for seven hundred years to come, the mecca of those who are inspired by truth, simplicity, brotherly kindness, self-sacrifice, and devotion to an ideal when they see these divine qualities displayed in a fellow human being.

# A Greek Speaks

## By Elbert Francis Baldwin

### The Outlook's Editor in Europe

THERE is always something brewing in the Balkans. Just now something special is brewing. It has not yet got into the newspaper headlines. But it may. Under any circumstances, Greek opinion concerning it is interesting. Here it is.

"In very recent international conflicts, once with Italy, once with Bulgaria, we Greeks had to pay the piper. Now we have a conflict with Jugoslavia. Who will pay? We shall see.

"Judge for yourselves. Jugoslavia has ports on the Adriatic Sea. But she wants one on the Ægean also; first, because it would be the far shorter and cheaper outlet for her Macedonian commerce; and, second, because, in case of war, Italy could block the Jugoslavian Adriatic ports, and without one on the Ægean Jugoslavia would have no sea access.

"Well, the Greek Government recognized the force of this double plea and granted to Jugoslavia a free land-and-sea zone at the port of Salonika, a city of several hundred thousand inhabitants. In that zone Jugoslavia exports and imports with entire freedom from Greek customs barriers, so that now Jugoslavian commerce at Salonika is an important fraction of the total. That fraction has proved so profitable that, suddenly and coolly, the Jugoslavian Government has made to ours the following demands, as precedent to a revival of the former Serbo-Greek Treaty:

"(1) The doubling of the free zone.

"(2) The acquirement by Jugoslavia of the railway between Salonika and Gevgheli, on the Jugoslavian frontier (complaint being made that our passenger and freight rates are excessive and our rolling stock inadequate.)

"(3) The policing of the zone by Jugoslavs, and not by Greeks.

"Are not these demands, especially the second, what you might call a bandit's 'hold-up'? They would be laughable did they not mean a war menace.

"In reply, we feel like saying:

"(1) The free zone might be somewhat enlarged, but not doubled.

"(2) Railway tariffs might be reduced and rolling stock increased, but no one save Greeks may acquire new shares in the railway company.

"(3) In the free zone the Greek Government certainly declines to permit Jugoslavian political as well as commercial control."

WHY did the Jugoslavian Government—led by that Elder Statesman, Premier Pasitch, and by his astute Foreign Minister, Nintitch—make such amazing demands?

"In my opinion, because Jugoslavia, with monarchical Serbia in the saddle as its chief quantity, is no longer its own master. It is being urged to extremes by the Croats, now represented in the Government, but who have no love for it. They long to put it in a hole and then proclaim a Croat, if not a Jugoslav, republic.

"Another incentive may have been a hint from an Italian source. Italy would hardly be unwilling to see Greece so occupied on the European mainland as to leave no time for watching Italian developments in the eastern Mediterranean region."

BEFORE the war Austria wanted to extend her territory to the Ægean at Salonika. Now Jugoslavia does. Were not both desires due to a legitimate urge towards commercial expansion?

"Surely. But they were also due to 'the big head.' As did Austria—especially in view of Greek interior unrest—so may Jugoslavia think herself strong enough, particularly with Bulgar support, to win this tempting goal by force of arms.

"Let her try!

"In and around and north of Salonika we have concentrated strong contingents of our army. It is perhaps not a vain boast of one of our ablest generals, Pangalos, now Dictator and commanding the army, to say, as he has done, that it will be the best in the Balkans.

"But whether our executive be a King or a President or a Dictator, we, the Greek people, will never allow our neighbor's efforts to appropriate our own resources.

"Our resistance must needs be, first of all, through entirely peaceful means; as a League of Nations member, we should, of course, appeal to that body for its good offices in mediation. But, should we be attacked, there will be no shrinking from the use of force in the just defense of our economic and moral rights."

Paris, February 1, 1926.

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# Politics, Pandemonium, and Cucumber Peels

## A Letter about Theatricals from Moscow

*DEAR SONJA!*

For some time already I had the intention to answer your kind letter from home, but could not do it before, having been so very busy.

Knowing your great interest in everything that concerns art and considering your prominent talent for dancing, I may presume that you will be interested to hear something about the theaters in Moscow. I will then start with a short description of what I have seen myself.

In the first place, the Theater of the Revolution. It is extraordinarily cheap—a good seat in the fourth or fifth row from the stage costs 50 copeks; but the place is unventilated and exceedingly dirty. The audience is frightful. The common *tovarisch* (comrade) in top boots, *golif* (riding breeches), and leather jacket is predominant. The greater the surprise, owing to the talented acting of the artists, which one could not possibly have expected in such surroundings. They act so entrancingly that one forgets audience, bad air, and all the dirt, and gives one's self entirely up to the play.

The decorations are the strangest of all in this theater: no side scenes, but only wooden scaffoldings, or, as they are called here, frames. Everywhere there are poles, ladders, small steps, just like those being used in the erection of a new building. The actors are obliged to climb about on these "scaffoldings," a proceeding that in the excitement of acting might occasionally surely be far from easy to them. I personally cannot see any reason for these frames on the stage. I have heard that this arrangement is said to have come from western Europe, and therefore I hope very soon to get an explanation about this point from you, as you have lately visited several larger towns in western Europe.

The play that I saw was a short story of the Revolution, full of political jokes and very drastic humor. Kerenski, among others, was represented. One could fully admire his inexhaustible capacity for talking, as well as the dexterity with which he could kiss in a moment a whole crowd of young girls without stopping in his speech. The play ended, as the custom here is, with a great apotheosis, with many sailors on the stage and glorification of Bolshevism.

The theater of the Revolution had already made upon me, a novice, a certain impression. But what was that in comparison to Meyerhold's Theater in the magnificent building of the former "Son," on the Place of Triumph! The grand entrance to the chief hall is full of people. On both sides of the broad stairs are rooms where people indulge in high-play roulette and hazard; the entrance fee to each gambling hell is one ruble. The company is rather mixed, elegant dresses from Paris intermingling with shabby blouses and jackets. One sees ladies whose dresses are cut out far over the limit, whereas the more elegant men chiefly sport a dark lounge suit, the coat looking a little overgrown, the trousers wide and exceedingly short. Many foreigners are present; one hears English, German, French. The seats are very expensive, but the theater is sold out every evening.

I have seen "What Price Europe?" and do not regret having been there. I only wish that you were present also. Because the actors played brilliantly, pointedly amusing and ghastly from beginning to end. The story is, in short, as follows: A trust of American *milliardaires* decides to destroy the old "rotten" Europe and to colonize it then anew. Germany goes to rack and ruin in dancing. The play takes place in the Café Risch, Unter den Linden, at Berlin; everything true to nature, including the big Negro doorkeeper, Jimmy. Ladies and gentlemen are dancing zealously round the tables. Suddenly there appear American airplanes and throw bombs on the dancers. Consequently, a ghastly effect: moaning, yelling, dying pairs are wallowing in their blood. This is the end of Germany.

England is being starved out, the Americans cutting it off from all and every connection with the outside world. On the stage an elegant gentlemen's party in evening dress by dim violet-colored lights. But they eat the fingers of one of their friends, whom they had slaughtered previously, and now they are all almost beside themselves from hunger. One of them plays a holy hymn on the harmonium and accompanies the play with low whining. In spite of the hunger and the approaching madness, the gentlemen behave faultlessly; they talk with subdued voices about shooting and other indifferent things, until suddenly one of them, going out of his mind, breaks out into terrible laughter. The others there and then lose their artificial attitude. They throw themselves upon the maniac, and there begins a wild chase over and under tables, chairs, and cupboards, till at last the unfortunate one is seized and done with. Perhaps a Hanns Heinz Evers would be able to properly characterize such a scene! I am quite sure that even you, who are so cool and do not get excited about anything, would not be spared a little shudder looking on at these things. At any rate a cock-fight or serpent dance by H. H. Evers are trifles in comparison with this play.

Therewith England is destroyed and there remains only France, which is said as is well known, to be very susceptible to all kinds of vices. The clever Americans very successfully make use of this French quality. They overwhelm the unfortunate ones with such a quantity of the most crafty vices that they lose their power of resistance and quickly and surely go to the devil. Some scenes are also shown here on the stage which act very strongly upon the nerves, but I do not think that your pure mind would suffer me to go into particulars. While all this is being done in western Europe the *tovarischi* have not been idle. With immense energy they have dug tunnels to Germany, France, and England, and have saved through those tunnels all their own people—that is, the whole of the proletarians of these countries. Ending, of course, with the victory of the Bolshevism over the Americans in particular, over the world in general, with great noise, many lighting effects, and with sailors on the stage.

On the stage of Meyerhold's there are no side scenes either, only wooden partitions or screens, which are being rolled there and back during the change of scenes; this still increases the noise and the intended confusion on the stage. The general din is being heightened owing to the orchestra playing almost incessantly jimmies and five-steps, on quite unnormal instruments. The musicians make faces to the audience, roar occasionally loudly, and knock each other with the fiddles and drums on the heads. This conduct of the orchestra irritated me in the beginning to some extent, as I had heard up till now only well-behaved bands, who did not allow themselves such unmusical jokes.

In the third theater which I visited the audience were sitting on carpets on the floor. Gentlemen and ladies were crowding as near as possible together, or in the nearest vicinity of the provisions brought along. If any one of the artists acted to their liking, sandwiches, apples, or pieces of chocolate were thrown to him, which the lucky receiver ate up on the stage there and then. Actors who were dis-



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liked were treated with cucumber peels and such-like good things.

Besides just the three bare walls and one or two common wooden benches there was nothing else on this stage. But there came from the manager frequent explanations to the audience in about the following manner: Imagine that here stands a tree, that just now a railway train is passing, that here roars a waterfall, and so on. I must point out again that the actors played so well that I forgot the total absence of scenery, and even the absolutely unfounded explanations of the "interpreter" did not strike me as particularly incongruous.

To finish up with, I would recommend you very much to pass at least one hour or two in the roof-garden of the "12th story" on the Twerskaja. It is very nice and quiet there, especially with a bottle of champagne and a good beefsteak. You look at the great town from a towering height and can think undisturbed in this pleasant quietness about the human follies, before going home and to bed.

Good-night! H——.

# Possibilities of Town and Country Co-operation

## By E. E. MILLER

### The editor of the (Tennessee) "Southern Agriculturist" disagrees with Mr. Seitz

WHEN Mr. Don C. Seitz essayed in a recent issue of The Outlook to tell just "The Kind of Co-operation That Will Afford Farm Relief" he tackled quite a subject. Moreover, he suggested one line of quite practical and very valuable co-operation.

Mr. Seitz, evidently, misunderstands the idea back of the farmers' co-operative movement. Co-operating farmers are not organized to prey upon consumers, but to better marketing methods. The wisest leaders of the movement look forward to a time when organized farmers may deal directly with organized bodies of consumers in the marketing of some farm products at least. There is no proposal to organize seven and a half million farm families into one body or association. That would be impossible. Most of these farmers are, and will remain, consumers of the products of other groups of farmers.

Nor is Mr. Seitz, it would seem, much better acquainted with the producing end of agriculture. He is right in thinking one-crop farming unsound; but agriculture is not in trouble solely, or even chiefly, because of the one-crop farmer. The best farming is based on the production of a good part of the family living on the farm; that really comes before the production of crops for market. Still, there is justification for sectional diversification of agriculture as well as for individual diversification of crops. Certain sections are going to continue to make certain lines of production their chief concern and to produce certain crops for sale in large quantities, while looking to other farmers for their supply of certain other farm products. Certain communities, even, are going to find profit in specializing along certain lines. The self-contained and self-sufficient agriculture of pioneer days is not going to return. It is not desirable that it should.

Again, it is not as easy as Mr. Seitz seems to think to regulate or to foretell agricultural production. It is not going to be possible for his town Lions and Rotarians to apportion production out among the farmers of the town territory, and so make both themselves and the farmers happy by supplying themselves with good food and the farmers with cash markets. Something along this line might be done; but an agriculture based solely on local food demands is a delusion. The thing is not so simple as that, either as an economic proposition or as a physical possibility. The wheels of time are not likely to spin backward; and a farmer thinking of this method of supplying a town's needs would first of all think of the weather—and then he would smile.

But just the same, this idea of town and country co-operation is a big idea and full of possibilities. It is a fact that our country towns have not yet found themselves in relation to the farmer and to the country about them. Mr. Seitz sees, it would seem, what the typical town builder or town booster or town citizen has not yet seen—that the country town is in reality a part of the country about it; the social, educational, and business center of the tributary countryside; the heart through which the life-blood of the community activities must flow.

Every little town in all the land, it would seem at times, imagines itself a bit of the city set down by some accident in the fields. It thinks itself akin to the city; dreams, generally, of the time when it shall be a city itself. The country folks about it are of importance to it chiefly as customers. It needs them to sell things to, and beyond this has little concern with them. Often it feels itself outraged if they go elsewhere to buy, even though it may never have given a thought to helping them find a good market for what they grow.

Now, as a matter of fact, this country town has been established by the country, is nourished and kept alive by the country, exists simply to supply country needs and perform services for the country. Its kinship is with the countryside about it, and not with the distant city. Its welfare is dependent on that of its trade territory; and to promote its own welfare it must help the farmer to sell as well as give him a place to buy, must think of getting money out *to* him as well as of getting money out *of* him.

Few townsmen realize this; just as few countrymen. It is the misfortune of both that they do not. It is the strong feature of Mr. Seitz's article that he does realize it. He is emphatically right in saying that the time has come for the town to begin talking to the farmer by the pocketbook line; and it needs to do this, not for the farmer's sake only, but as well for its own. For no town is going to prosper except by the prosperity of its trade territory, and only the highly industrialized town has any trade territory of an importance at all comparable to the country right about it.

There are many means by which the town can help the country about it—and incidentally itself—to prosper. The means Mr. Seitz suggests is one of them. Without going into Utopia at all, it would be quite practical for the business men of a town and the farmers who trade in that town to meet together and work out a more or less full program of agricultural production. Due thought should be given in this program to the feeding, so far as practical or economical, of the town from the fields around it. Then it would be up to the town to work out a system of distributing this home supply at a reasonable cost, and also a system of securing, or of reaching, a market for the farmers' surplus or special sale crops. Many a community could save itself a lot of money this way. Many a community, too, could make for itself a lot of money if the town part of the community would but reasonably concern itself with the marketing of the products of the country part of the community. It is of really much more concern to a town that the farmers about it sell their cotton, or their hogs, or their potatoes to the best advantage than that they

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all forswear the mail-order catalogue. Town-and-country co-operation is not the only sort of co-operation the farmer needs to practice; but it is one sort, and it is a perfectly practical sort, holding vast possibilities of benefit to all concerned. For obvious reasons, too, the beginning impulse of such co-operation must in most cases come from the town.

# Uncle Sam's Income

## Staff Correspondence from Washington by DIXON MERRITT

WHERE does the wind come from?

When there arises in the land a man—or a woman—who can answer that question to the satisfaction of an insatiable boy—or girl—of six, that man or woman probably will have the capacity to acquire sufficient information, through arduous and persistent study, to answer, at the end of a few years, another question, the following, to wit:

How does revenue get into the United States Treasury?

Until there arises that wizard or witch, which is likely to be never, those who have any curiosity on the subject must be content, perforce, with the assurance that money to the amount of three and a half billion dollars does actually find its way into the Treasury and out again every year. They may be told that a billion and a half of it, speaking roughly, but no more roughly than necessary, comes from income tax, something over nine hundred million dollars of it from miscellaneous taxes, and about six hundred million dollars of it from customs duties. If curiosity demands unreasonably, after receiving this store of information, the how of the thing, he who undertakes to answer must stall and stammer, even as when the small boy asks the where of the wind, and make an explanation which, like a puddle in the road, looks deep because it is muddy.

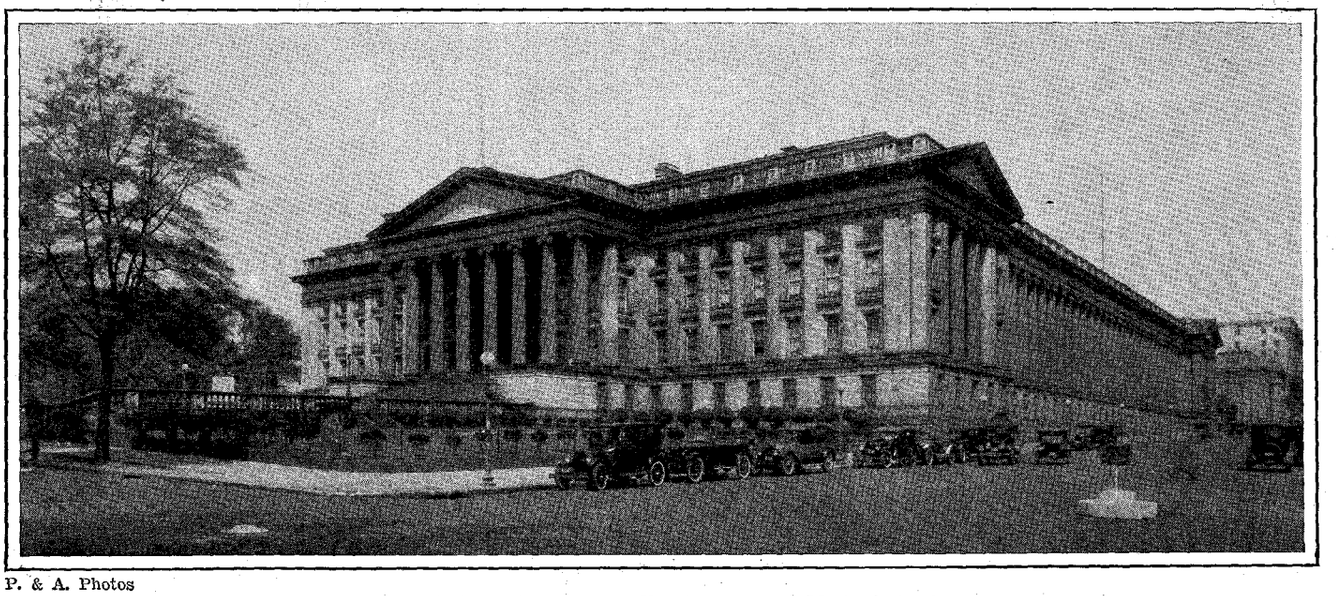
The fact is that this writer is at this moment pioneering on this subject, breaking a jungle trail that no other pen has ever trod. (Trod is the word; Pegasus is wingless.) It is astonishing that this is true. The genius of "Sartor Resartus" could not have been half so amazed when he found that nothing of a scientific character had been written on the subject of clothes. But so it is. Nobody, so far as diligent search reveals, has written in all the endless volumes on taxation anything at all on how tax money actually finds its way from the person who pays it into the Treasury, from which it goes out to meet the running expenses of the Federal Government.

THE Treasury of the United States receives, at least by a fiscal formality, all money paid to the Government and pays out all the money that the Government spends. The fact should be borne in mind, while this exposition gathers momentum, that we are not talking about the Treasury Department. The Treasury is only a small part of the Treasury Department, but it is the small part that handles the revenues. At its head is the Treasurer of the United States. You may not have heard of him. His name is Frank White, and he handles more money than any other man in the world. He is the Nation's banker. He has his vaults, his cash drawers, his cashier, his tellers. And he issues a daily statement of receipts and expenditures. The statement of receipts runs, for a typical day, like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| Customs receipts ..... | $1,355,005.93 |
| Internal revenue receipts: | |
| Income and profits tax | 762,319.41 |
| Miscellaneous internal revenue ..... | 1,550,429.66 |
| Miscellaneous receipts.. | 462,051.71 |
| Total ordinary receipts ..... | $4,129,806.71 |

The total ordinary expenditures for the same day were $7,879,314.37. This means that on that particular day the Government of the United States spent about $3,750,000 more than it took in. And something like that is true on most business days of the year. Still, the Government not only escapes bankruptcy, but manages to keep, most of the time, a fairly substantial surplus. This is possible because of the fact that for a few days four times a year the receipts outrun the expenditures so far that figures fail to give a fair idea of the excess. Those are the periods when income-tax payments come in—around March 15, June 15, September 15, and December 15.

What are customs receipts? They are, among other things, the money that Wilkins Micawber V—assuming that the descendants of Mr. Micawber are still sheep-ranching in Australia—paid to the Collector of Customs at the Port of New



P. & A. Photos

**The Treasury Building at Washington—the Nation's bank**

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York for the privilege of landing his wool in, and the money that Mrs. Wiggs paid as duty on two yards of foreign silk to, the United States. What are income tax receipts? They are, among other things, the money that you paid to the Collector of Internal Revenue at Blankville for the privilege of earning your salary. What are miscellaneous internal revenue receipts? They are, among other things, the proceeds of the documentary stamp that I bought and affixed to my note when I borrowed a hundred dollars from the Cedar City Bank of Lebanon, Tennessee, and of the stamps that Cyrus Goldseeker paid for when he had a dozen bags of "Honest Scrap" tobacco thrown in with his grub stake at the store of the Miners' Supply Company in Carson City, Nevada.

P. & A. Photos

**Frank White, Treasurer. See his signature on any paper money you happen to have**

BUT how do they get to the Treasury? How do the rivulets—big brooks like W. Micawber's wool duty and your income tax, and tiny droplets like my promissory note stamp and Mrs. Wiggs's duty on two yards of red silk—find their way to the sea?

Well, let's see if we can see.

First, however, we might as well say that most of it never does find its way to the Treasury, except by a fiscal fiction and a book entry. It stays in Federal Reserve banks or other banks designated as Federal depositories until it is paid out in discharge of Federal obligations. But, whether in a bank in a remote city or in the dark, double-locked vaults beneath the Treasury Building in Washington, money, once it is paid to the Government, is in the custody of the Treasurer of the United States.

DETERMINING the amount of income tax due and collecting it is the Government's toughest revenue job.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington furnishes the Collectors of Internal Revenue for the sixty-five districts blanks for distribution to taxpayers who filed through their offices the preceding year—whether they be individual, corporation, partnership, personal service corporation, trust, or what not. Failure to receive a blank from the Collector, however, does not excuse one from filing a return and paying the tax. A return may be secured from the Collector's office, Deputy Collector's office, and often from the neighborhood bank. Reliable information as to how to compute income and tax may also be secured at the same sources.

How will Uncle Sam know if you attempt to cheat him by making a false return or statement of income or none at all?

There are at least five principal ways by which the Government checks up. If none of these five catches you, you may be sure that some of the others—like the items listed at a country auction, "too numerous to mention"—will do the trick. First, any individual or corporation paying over $1,000 a year for rent, salary, etc., files a return of information giving the name and address of the person to whom the money was paid and the exact amount paid him. Second, a return filed by a partnership shows the exact amount, even if less than $1,000, paid to each member of the partnership. Third, those issuing tickets of passage out of the country are required to secure evidence of payment of tax on income for the current year to date, or permission of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to leave the country without payment of income tax. Fourth, a report of "tax withheld at source" is made by a corporation or individual paying to an alien salary or other income and withholding and paying to the Government a certain percentage. Fifth, another report labeled "tax withheld at source" is made by corporations issuing tax-free covenant bonds.

A field force consisting of agents from the Washington office and Deputy Collectors from the Collectors' offices stands ready to examine a taxpayer's books and business whenever it appears that a false or incomplete report has been made. The Special Intelligence Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue plays a sleuth's part in finding out what has not been voluntarily disclosed. While the work of this Unit is, without question, the most fascinating in the Bureau, little is made public of the how of its workings. Nothing short of actual experience reveals its secrets.

ALL income-tax returns are filed with a Collector of Internal Revenue, preferably the one for the District in which the taxpayer has his residence or principal place of business, and payment of the whole amount of tax found due, or one-fourth of this amount, is made at the same time. Returns filed by individuals showing an income up to $25,000 are retained in the Collector's office for audit. Those of individuals showing incomes above that amount and all other returns, regardless of amount of income, are forwarded to the office of the Commissioner at Washington. There they are audited—"at the earliest practicable date," in the vernacular of the Bureau—and the taxpayer advised of any deficiency or over-assessment.

The same practice of filing returns and paying taxes applies to the capital stock tax. Estate tax is paid by the executor or administrator at the closing of the estate. Gift tax is paid by the donor, covering gifts made during the year.

The taxes on admissions and dues are reflected in returns filed monthly with the Collector by those receiving such taxes. Excise taxes are also covered by monthly returns.

The special tobacco tax, a fixed amount for a certain number of pounds sold for domestic use, is paid to the Collector annually. Those engaged in specified occupations, such as brokerage, operation of bowling alleys, and the operation of automobiles for hire, pay the Collector annually a specified amount. There is also a special tax on the use of

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boats. Every person dealing in opium or coca leaves must register with the Collector and pay a special tax.

Not all taxes, however, are paid monthly or annually to the Collector. Stamp taxes constitute a large source of revenue. Tax stamps must be placed on such things as bonds of indebtedness, conveyances of property, passage tickets, power of attorney.

Stamps are, with one exception, printed by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at the direction of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and are furnished to the Postmaster-General and Collectors without prepayment. Postmasters, designated depositories of the United States, and Collectors keep supplies for sale. The exception is tobacco stamps printed on tinfoil wrappers. This is done under contract, the contractor receiving his remuneration from the purchasers of the stamps.

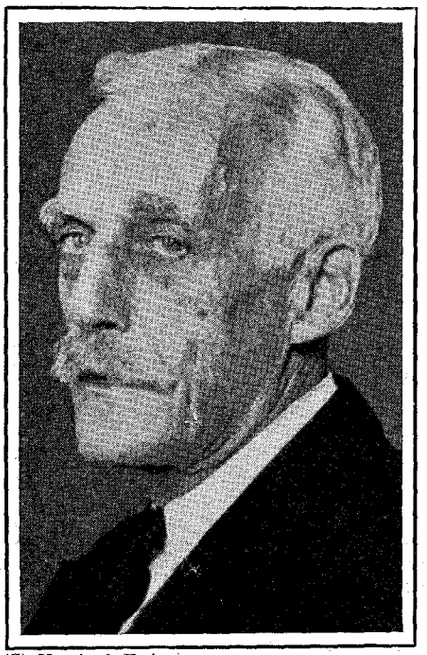
Now what does the Collector of Internal Revenue do, at the close of the day, with all the checks, cash, post office money-orders, drafts, and the like that he has received?

All of these are bundled up, taken to a designated bank, which is usually a member of the Federal Reserve System, and deposited to the credit of the Treasurer of the United States. A report is made to the Accounts and Collections Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue of the total received for each class of tax.

While internal revenues bulk mighty large in comparison with customs receipts these latter years, the fact remains that the Customs Service has a history much longer and more consistent than has the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Indeed, the latter is an upstart by comparison. In the fiscal history of the Government customs receipts run steadily and progressively on, from a bare four million dollars in 1791 to more than half a billion dollars in 1925. During the greater part of that time they provided the bulk of the revenue for running the Government.

Income and profits taxes, now the largest single source of revenue, were unheard of until 1863. After 1874 they were practically out of existence again until adoption of the Income Tax Amendment a few years ago. There have usually been some miscellaneous internal revenue receipts, but they were completely off the books from 1848 to 1863, during which time customs receipts bore the whole burden of the Government except for such driblets as came in from the sale of public lands.

But through this century and a third, despite the fact that it has been the one source of revenue that has never failed the Government, the Customs Service has been a sort of homeless waif. If you look for it in Washington, you are likely to search half a day. You will find it at last up two flights of wooden stairs in a temporary shack on the Mall. I, who thought that I knew something about Washington, got lost looking for it and had to telephone for more specific directions. And it is just as hard to find in the records. It has one lone, lorn paragraph in the 544-page Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1925. Secretary Mellon, however, is now trying to



(C) Harris & Ewing

**Secretary of the Treasury A. W. Mellon seeks a home for an old orphan**

do something for it. He has had a bill introduced in Congress for the creation of a Bureau of Customs with a Director in charge. Perhaps he is tired of having it among the junk in one corner of his own office.

In some of the port cities, however, notably that of New York, the Customs Service is a sizable institution. More than 8,000 men and women are engaged in collection of customs duties. Sixty per cent of the collections are made at New York, though there are forty-eight customs districts and about 300 ports of entry. Queer as it may seem, many of these latter are cities that have not enough water for a duck to swim on. Goods go by rail and in bond from the seaboard to these inland ports in order to avoid delay to importers.

Two officials, primarily, have to do with the collection of customs duties, the Collector of Customs and the Surveyor of the Port. The Surveyor is, in effect, the assessor. His examiners appraise imported goods and determine according to value the amount of duty. Imports are held in appraisers' stores until this is done. The importer makes payment to the Collector of Customs, who deposits the money in a designated bank to the credit of the United States Treasurer.

Most of the revenue derived from customs is collected in that way, though a tremendous lot of work is necessary in making other customs collections. Passengers' baggage constitutes an important source of customs revenue, and one not always easy to tap. Men hide diamonds between the taps of their shoe heels. Women wind laces and silks around their bodies. They sew New York tags in Paris gowns. The frauds are usually detected at the dock and the duty collected, but sometimes the cheaters "get away with it"—or think they do. They usually find later that they have to pay, not only the duty, but a penalty. The Customs Service is patient. It has its foreign agents. Their primary duty is to determine the value of goods at the source; but they manage also to check up on most purchases of dutiable goods by Americans. The facts are sent to the customs officials at home, and the cheater is usually caught about the time he is beginning to enjoy his smuggled luxury. These articles—officially classified as "not declared for duty"—are subject to seizure and become the property of the United States. Unless the smuggler is willing to pay not only the duty but a penalty equal to the value of the articles, they are sold and the proceeds deposited to the credit of the Treasurer of the United States.

There is still another source of customs revenue that touches a great many more people than these two combined. Every letter-carrier, rural and urban, is a collector of customs—on dutiable articles sent by parcels post. The pouches are turned over by the post office to the customs officials in the port of entry nearest destination. A statement is attached showing the amount of duty. The letter-carrier collects the money, turns it over to his postmaster, who transmits it to the Collector of Customs, who deposits it to the credit of the Treasurer.

Thus does Uncle Sam's banker receive his deposits. How he cashes checks and for whom is another story. I shall undertake to tell it in a week or two. There is still another story, and a big one, in how the Treasury Department supervises the monetary and banking systems, how it prints the paper money and coins the metals, how it conserves the National credit and guards the financial resources of the Nation. Perhaps I can tell that some time, too.

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# An East Side American

## The Autobiography of a Son of the City

By CHARLES STELZLE

### Introduction

By REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

President, The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America

WHATEVER else may have influenced Charles Stelzle in the making of his remarkable life, the Church had an important part in it. He went to Sunday school as a tenement youngster, where he learned the basic teachings of Christianity. And when he became a workingman he found his principal friendships and companionships in the Church.

And later the Church gave him his chance to carry out his ideals, backing him in the program which he executed with such marked success. The name of Charles Stelzle is honored among the workingmen of America to-day, not only because he is a union machinist, but because he is a man of sterling integrity and an active churchman.

I am glad that this boy from the tenements of East Side New York has succeeded, and more than glad that he has told us in such vital and arresting ways the story of his struggles. I am familiar with much which he has passed through. In my boyhood, beginning before I was twelve years of age, I worked in the mines of my native land. There I learned a great deal which has been of the utmost value to my ministry. The intercourse which "Charlie Stelzle" has had with high and low, rich and poor, and the many among us who are neither rich nor poor has been fruitful far beyond the ordinary because he has lived with the people, shared their lot, and entered into their lives.

The day is fast approaching when the workers the world over will learn from such Christian leaders as Charles Stelzle that the Church is not so far removed from them as many have imagined. They will discover what he so clearly shows: that the Gospel of Jesus is a workingman's Gospel—one that he can live and preach and find comfort in—one that will help him to rise to the highest places of trust and confidence within the gift of his fellows, or that may be reached only through the sheer force of his character.

I own that I have been profoundly moved by this account of his life and work which Charles Stelzle has told so modestly, yet so wisely, and withal so thrillingly. It should be read by every priest, rabbi, preacher, employer, and employee throughout the Nation.

S. Parkes Cadman

## I

## Our Side of the City

FOR several generations the East Side of New York has been synonymous with depravity. Newspapers have delighted in printing big headlines about the criminals and degenerates who were supposed to make the East Side tenements their rendezvous. Blood-curdling stories have been written about subterranean cellars and dark passageways in which fearful crimes were committed.

New York's "rubber neck" wagons are still doing a thriving business with visitors from Indiana and Iowa by promising to show them the "lair" of the East Side gunmen and the white-slave traffickers. And the gullible travelers from the Middle West grip their seats in happy ecstasy as they are megaphoned through the "Ghettos" and the "slums" of America's greatest city, anticipating the thrills which they will give their friends and neighbors when they get back home, telling them how narrowly they escaped with their lives. If they but knew it, they were taken through the safest sections of the city. Of course the East Side has contributed its share of the criminals and degenerates and the immoral people of the city, but no more than its share. The worst parts of New York from this standpoint have been in the middle section of the city—the Tenderloin—and "Hell's Kitchen" on the upper West Side, and other picturesque, police-guarded precincts. It has rarely been necessary to doubly patrol the streets of the tenement districts of the East Side because it was feared that crime and disorder would break out.

No, the East Side hasn't been criminally inclined. Its chief crime has been its poverty. The mass of the people living east of Fifth Avenue in the lower part of Manhattan have always been honest wage-earners, living perfectly decent lives, moving into the suburbs or the uptown districts as soon as they could afford it, mainly so that they might have more breathing space, more light, and a better chance to raise their children.

I was born in the heart of what is now, not only the most densely populated part of the East Side, but of the world. There



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I lived for twenty years, coming back ten years later to engage in social and religious work in the same general district. In an area in this section of about three-quarters of a square mile there were in 1920, 219,256 people living, or at the rate of 327,040 people per square mile. The population per square mile for the United States is only 35. There are only 30 cities in the entire country which have a greater population than is found in this East Side district. If all of New York City were as densely populated, it would contain more than the entire population of the United States. If all the people living in this district were suddenly seized with a desire to rush into the street, there wouldn't be room enough for them to stand.

There are many places of historical interest in this neighborhood, among them the old Marble Cemetery, on Second Street just off Second Avenue. This was the first cemetery that I knew as a boy, and it had a peculiar fascination for me. Here rest the bodies of many old New Yorkers—among them Adam and Noah Brown, who during their lifetime built ships for Commodore Perry's fleet in 1812; and John Ericsson, builder of the Monitor, of Civil War fame; and for many years President James Monroe was buried here. The names on the tombstones in this old cemetery are all but effaced, and yet here and there one can make out the name of a former Knickerbocker who would be shocked beyond measure could he walk through these side-streets which were open fields when he lived there.

It must not be imagined that the neighborhood is irreligious. Jewish and Catholic enterprises flourish, and there are scores of little synagogues scattered throughout the tenements, meeting in the tenement-houses themselves, although there are many pretentious buildings, usually former Protestant churches, which have been converted into orthodox synagogues. Once this was a Protestant stronghold, but in recent years scores of Protestant churches have moved out.

The young gentleman standing nonchalantly beside his brother is Charles Stelzle at the age of nine

For nearly fifty years I have watched this boyhood neighborhood of mine grow. Sweeping through it there have followed successively the Yankees, the Irish, the Germans, the Bohemians, the Russians, the Italians, the Greeks, besides a great smattering of smaller races, each naturally leaving behind a remnant, until to-day there is scarcely a country on the face of the globe which isn't represented. It is a mosaic of nations, and about as picturesque as mosaics usually are with all their form and color.

The product has been no outstanding race, but "East Siders." Much has been said about New York being a great "melting-pot of the nations." But it is unquestionably true that the East Side of New York is strongly, persistently American in spirit. While many of the foreign-born retain some of their old country customs, it should be remembered that not all "Americans" were born in America.

Only two per cent of the people living here are native white of native parents; that is, white persons both of whose parents were born in America. In the minds of many people, this constitutes a real peril to our American institutions, but it does not necessarily follow. For example, the attendance at the public school in this area is greatest among children both of whose parents were foreign-born. Wise leaders among the foreign-born encourage them to emulate the best that they left in the old country—and who can deny that each of their native lands contains histories and traditions of which they might well be proud, and which they would do well to remember, and thus become better Americans?

My parents came to the East Side of New York when they were quite young—my mother was only six. Her father was a prosperous German baker who had a city-wide reputation because of the rye bread he sold, having a fairly large delivery-wagon service. I remember distinctly my mother's businesslike air as she helped fill in as special saleswoman on Saturday nights when the bakery shop on Eldridge Street was crowded with customers. My grandfather accumulated a considerable fortune, and returned to Hanover, Germany, his native town.

My father was a brewer by trade. He probably was a good workman, but he

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Mr. Stelzle's mother at the time of her marriage at eighteen

was a poor business man, and the generous wedding dowry which he put into a brewery of his own soon disappeared. One of the heritages which he left consisted of a big book of unpaid accounts. And, as my mother had married against the distinct wishes of her parents, her pride would not permit her to appeal to them for help. So when my father died, she moved with her children into the very heart of the tenement district of the East Side, resolving to fight her way through alone. How well she did it, and what she suffered in the doing of it, will forever make her a heroine in my eyes.

And so the struggle began. She, who had enjoyed the comforts of a prosperous home, with no cause for financial anxiety, was now to spend many years in a hand-to-hand battle with all the horrors of poverty, asking favors of no one, but determining to keep strong so that she might work for the sake of her children.

It would be easy to tell harrowing tales of life among the people with whom I lived, and some of these tales ought to be told. But any account that leaves out the real joy of living, as one sees it even to-day on the East Side, when conditions are undoubtedly worse in some respects than they were forty years ago, would be unfair to the poorer tenement people, who are by no means morbid in their outlook on life. There is no doubt that I suffered as much on account of poverty as does the average youngster now living in lower New York. But, taking it altogether, I was by no means an unhappy boy, even when I was living in the midst of extreme poverty. It is a question whether the son of the "princely merchant" that I read about in the Sunday-school books got as much real

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excitement out of life as I did when, for instance, I swam from the end of an East Side dock, contrary to law and in peril of my life, as passing ferry-boats swirled the river into dangerous eddies, or when I spent a stolen day in the swamps of Long Island hunting for cat-tails and swallows' nests.

Grand Street on Saturday night was as good as a show. It was the great shopping center of New York's lower East Side forty years ago. But not all those who thronged the sidewalks came out to make purchases in Ridley's, the biggest department-store in that part of the city, nor to buy of the peddlers whose little carts lined the gutters, block after block, from the Bowery to Essex Street and beyond, spilling over into the side-streets and practically filling Hester Street, which paralleled the main thoroughfare. For those who bargained and cheated, and even for those who did a legitimate business, Grand Street on Saturday night was a serious affair. But for the boys who were out for a lark it was a riot of fun. The "movies" did not exist in those days, and there were practically no boys' clubs nor social settlements, and few institutional churches. There were a great many self-organized social clubs that met on the first floors of some of the smaller "private houses"—so called because the front doors were usually kept locked—and in rooms back of saloons. But membership in these was only for the older boys who were earning enough to afford that luxury.

For the small boy there was only the gang and Grand Street. Sometimes it was both. This made it all the more interesting. Not infrequently the feuds of the gangs were fought out on Grand Street, sometimes to the great consternation of the merchants of the carts, the contents of which were tumbled into the street in the excitement of a "scrap" between the Orchard Street and Allen Street gangs. Many a plate-glass window suffered on the same account.

I belonged to the Orchard Street gang. Our leader was a short, stocky, red-headed Irish youngster, who was absolutely fearless and who was known to stand his ground alone, the solitary target for the stones of the Allen Street gang, after the rest of the Orchard Street gang had retreated. And on these occasions he came back to his crowd with great scorn; what he left unsaid was not worth mentioning. It did not matter what he said, however. He was always unanimously chosen as our leader. He would probably have been the leader whether we had chosen him or not: he was the only Irish boy in the gang and he was a born fighter. No doubt he later became a Tammany Hall leader in the district.

And while we're on the subject, it might not be amiss to say that Tammany Hall's influence on the East Side was, and is, largely due to the very human qualities shown by its representatives. They not only know every one who lives in the block, but they know about his domestic and economic and social needs. They know about them the whole year round, and try to supply them; whereas the reformers live uptown and—so it appears to the people—seem to be in business for the purpose of taking privileges away from the people, rather than furnishing them with jobs, and coal, and food, and getting them out of the police courts if they happen to have trouble with the police. These things Tammany Hall does.

GRAND STREET was to me the greatest street in New York. Occasionally I took a walk up Broadway, but "the Great White Way" was then unknown, and Broadway was almost deserted at night. There were no electric lights, and when the few gas lamps in the stores were put out New York's chief thoroughfare was a dreary place. I always came back to Grand Street with a feeling of pride that lower New York possessed the finest street in the city.

In strong contrast to the rough life of the gang and the excitement of Grand Street was the influence which the illuminated cross on the steeple of St. Augustine's Chapel, on Houston Street east of the Bowery, had upon me. I was just about thirteen or fourteen, the age at which the religious appeal takes strongest hold of a boy. This cross, which could be seen for blocks against the deep night sky, appealed tremendously to my religious imagination.

Almost directly opposite St. Augustine's Chapel is Second Avenue. About half a mile up this street is St. Mark's Church. The impression this church made upon me was quite different from that made by St. Augustine's. For when I thought of St. Mark's it was not with any religious feeling, but always in connection with the fact that the body of A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince who founded the store now known as John Wanamakers', had been stolen from the graveyard. What a source of mysterious possibilities this story was to us boys! Nothing that St. Mark's ever did was big enough to overshadow the story of the ghouls who robbed the graveyard. Not that we cared particularly for Stewart; for some reason which I have forgotten, he had not a very good name among the East Siders.

Second Avenue was the great promenade street of the East Side forty years ago. Even in those days there were many German coffee-houses and reading-rooms all along the avenue. It was an event of importance when I was taken to one of them by an aunt or an uncle. Most of them served only coffee or chocolate and tea, and all kinds of German coffee cake. There was a very comfortable, homelike atmosphere about these little coffee-houses, and the people used to linger and gossip or read.

Second Avenue is still the great thoroughfare of the East Side. Early in the morning its wide pavements are crowded with foreign workers who pour out of the tenements in the side-streets and march like a mighty army, all moving in the same direction, toward the clothing factories and department-stores just beyond Union and Madison Squares. Scores of thousands of men and women from the tenements make their daily pilgrimage along this magnificent street, so full of human and historic interest. At night, from the big theater on Houston Street to the Labor Temple on Fourteenth Street, which I organized about fifteen years ago, the avenue is a blaze of electric lights, cafés, bath-houses, motion-picture theaters, jewelry shops, and dozens of other enterprises. Each nationality has its own particular café or casino, where its favorite old country dishes are served and where its national airs are played by native musicians. On Saturday and Sunday nights many of those who have profited in business and moved uptown or out of town come back to enjoy a "regular dinner"—with all that goes with it.

Even a casual stroll down Second Avenue and into some of the side-streets will reveal the signs of the people's aspirations. The way they throng the public baths—the district supports one of the biggest Turkish baths in the city, conducted exclusively for men—shows the desire for bodily cleanliness. There are "beauty shoppes" on nearly every block. Dentists do a profitable business. Even automobile agencies seem to thrive; and palms are used for decorative purposes just as in the automobile district uptown. Pianos and musical instruments are prominently displayed for sale in many of the store windows. Apartment-houses are given most royal names, like "Florence Court," "Victoria Hall," and "The Imperial."

*The next installment of "An East Side American" will describe some of the neighbors—the queenly school-teacher, the drunken woman, the charity investigator, the mikman, the actor, and the restaurant-keeper*

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# Is the Federal Reserve System in Danger?

## By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

**On the Pacific coast bankers and business men are asking the question which heads this article. The author gives the facts upon which the reader can form a judgment**

A SHORT time ago an article appeared in a well-known financial magazine which asked this question, and answered it quite definitely in the affirmative. "Destructive money power," it declared, "no longer lairs only in New York, in the vision of men who are apprehensive that somehow—some time—somebody is going to domesticate the free wild money of the Nation and monopolize its powers for selfish purposes. The money dragon of the alarms of the moment is environed in California. It abides in San Francisco, and haunts Market Street instead of Wall Street. It is even concrete enough, in one of its incarnations, to be named. It is the Bank of Italy, thus isolated, and it is, in the abstract, Branch Banking. The abstract 'reptile' already has its serpentine folds round a third of the banking strength of America, and according to its opponents menaces the National bank system and threatens the Federal Reserve structure."

Is this true? Is this article just another piece of scare-mongering or is it based on sober fact? It may not be easy to answer, but one thing is certain—it is everybody's business. In no country in the world is banking so much a question for every one as it is in the United States, where the vast majority of the people have bank accounts, and where a check, signed and countersigned and indorsed again and again, may take its place for days with the Nation's currency.

The smallest doubt cast on the stability of the National banking system would sound like a knell in the dark places of fear in millions of homes in the United States. The French peasant with his hoardings under the hearthstone of his cottage, the British workingman, paying cash as he goes, with little left over, if any, and what he has deposited in the post office savings bank or in his local co-operative society, may have little concern with the way the big banks or the little banks of the country do business. But the people of the United States, carrying check-books in their pockets as a matter of course, and accustomed to use them on every and any occasion, are in a different position.

A short time ago a prosperous bank in a small town in the West had a strange experience. A prominent citizen in the town died, and all the business houses in the city, in order to do honor to his memory, agreed to close their doors for one hour at the time of the funeral. The manager of the bank decided to come into line; he ordered the bank closed, and promptly at the time when the big grocery store on one side and the big shoe store on the other pulled down their shades the bank doors were shut and a card was placed in the window bearing the legend "Bank Closed." What followed was remarkable. Some people who happened to be depositors, returning early from the funeral, saw the notice, never connected it with the function they had themselves just attended, but jumped to the horrifying conclusion that the bank had suspended payment. The news spread rapidly; from all parts of the town terrified depositors flocked to the bank, and when the doors were finally opened a real run was in full swing. It was not stayed until hours after—until currency to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars had been rushed by motor car from the nearest Federal Reserve Bank and banks in neighboring towns had come to the aid of their hard-pressed colleague to the extent of hundreds of thousands more. Nothing is more delicate, as far as the depositor is concerned, than the credit of his bank. Faced with the persistent rumor that his bank is lacking in stability, and the average man is sorely tempted to be on the safe side—that is, the outside.

AND so it is everybody's business, this banking business, and everybody would assuredly feel more comfortable if he knew more about it. It is, moreover, a romantic business, full of drama and full of kicks, and the most romantic part of it, in spite of its outward and visible austerity, is the Federal Reserve System. Every great business, when seen properly, is not a machine, but a wonderful microcosm of humanity, with all humanity's hopes and fears, aims and aspirations, laughter and tears and anxieties. The bank president is a man, and he has led and is leading his life, and his business is part of his life, enters into a thousand hopes and a thousand dreams. And so it is all the way down to the youngest recruit among the stenographers or booking clerks. The Federal Reserve Bank is a banker's bank, and as it pays its millions here and receives its millions there it requires but little imagination to see it all for what it is—a great clearing-house for human activity rather than for paper and scrip and dollars and cents. It is, moreover, one of the greatest guaranties of safety to the depositor, small or great, which could well be devised. It is the great each-for-all and all-for-each of the American people.

PRIOR to the establishment of the Federal Reserve System, some eleven years ago, the cash reserves of the country were scattered among 25,000 different institutions, and provided no central reservoir from which banks could draw cash when it was urgently needed. This system of holding bank reserves has been compared to a system of fire protection in which each of the several thousand families in a city keeps its own cistern of water instead of having the whole city's water supply stored in a common reservoir connected by conduits with every part of the city, and so instantly available in unlimited quantities for the putting out of a blaze at any point.

The structure of this Federal Reserve System was completed just prior to the outbreak of the Great War. By November, 1914, it was in full working order. Without it, or something like it, it is doubtful if the United States would have passed through the early years of the war without a financial panic comparable to that of 1907. Without it, or something like it, it is quite certain that the World War could never have been internationally financed. Any one who desires to see how near the world came to utter financial chaos in the middle years of the war has only to read Walter Hines Page's telegram "of greatest urgency" from London to President Wilson to-



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wards the end of June, 1917. "I am convinced," the message concludes, "that these men are not overstating their case. Unless we come to their rescue we are all in danger of disaster. Great Britain will have to abandon the gold standard."

At the present moment, with speculation running high throughout the United States and stocks reaching levels never before attained, the situation would be impossible without some such controlling influence as that which the Federal Reserve System exercises with its power to check speculation by raising rediscount rates. Any new developments, such as branch banking, which may endanger the efficiency of this system is clearly the concern of everybody.

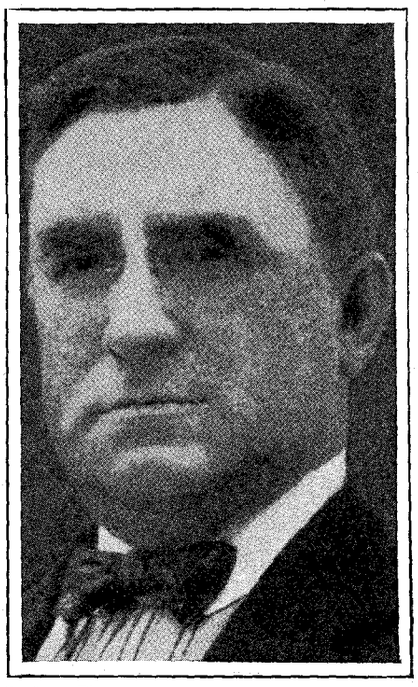
How does branch banking endanger the Federal Reserve System?

In the first place, it needs to be remembered that many bankers in a position to give an unprejudiced judgment are by no means satisfied that it does. There are, however, a very great number who believe that branch banking is un-American and opposed to the individualistic genius of the American people. The situation is really not difficult to understand. The backbone of the Federal Reserve System is the National bank, and National banks cannot engage in branch banking. In States, therefore, where branch banking is permitted, and where this permission is being taken advantage of, there is a strong tendency for National banks to surrender their National charter and incorporate themselves as State banks. Within the last six years some two hundred National banks have become State banks, and it is claimed by one authority that through the elimination of small-town and city National banks the Federal Reserve System is rapidly losing touch with the business and financial life of millions of the American people.

How is all this being done?

The question is best answered by a concrete example, as indicated in the opening paragraph of this article, namely, the Bank of Italy. It first of all needs to be said that this huge organization, having its headquarters in San Francisco and known as the Bank of Italy, makes no secret at all of its operations. Any reasonable information desired is readily obtainable, and from time to time official statements of the bank's expansion are published in the daily press. Any one who travels up and down the Pacific coast must be struck with its ubiquity. In almost every town one passes through the one building impossible to overlook is the Bank of Italy. It understands the art of advertising as few business houses understand it, and it exploits this knowledge to the utmost. The Bank of Italy, however, is only one part of its operations. Behind the Bank of Italy is the Bancitaly Corporation, which was formed, in the words of one of its directors, "to do everything that the Bank of Italy cannot do."

Now the Bancitaly Corporation is undoubtedly one of the largest holding corporations in the world. "This vast investment trust corporation," as one quite friendly writer recently put it, "whose



P. & A. Photos

**Representative Louis T. McFadden of Pennsylvania**

ramifications now extend all over the United States by reason of its holdings in most of the substantial banks in the country and of its investments in choice real estate, has become an eighth wonder of the world." The most recent published list of the holdings of this corporation are indeed truly remarkable. In California the Bancitaly Corporation owns shares to any extent from 100 to 10,000 in the most important banks in the State. It controls two banks in San Francisco and has shares in seven others. Through the Americommercial Corporation, another subsidiary holding company, it owns banks in Los Angeles and has shares in four others. Outside of California, within the United States the Bancitaly Corporation owns shares in the most important banks in Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Washington. In New York the corporation already controls two banks and has shares in twenty others. Outside of the United States the Bancitaly Corporation holds shares in the most important banks in Amsterdam, Berlin, Brussels, Copenhagen, Dublin, Edinburgh, London, Milan, Montreal, Oslo (Norway), Paris, Rome, Stockholm, Toronto (Canada), Vienna, and Zurich. The Corporation holds shares in the Bank of England, the Bank of Scotland, and the Bank of Ireland, has a controlling interest in the Bank of America and the Bank of Italy in Rome, and is a considerable shareholder in the Reichsbank in Berlin.

All this would be a question of no special moment, as far as the Federal Reserve System was concerned, if it were not for the fact that the more powerful financially the Bank of Italy becomes, the more surely can it gain control of other banks engaged in branch banking, and so gradually establish something very like a monopoly. Now State banks can, of course, become members of the Federal Reserve System if they so desire, and the Bank of Italy is a member of the System. But State banks are at liberty to withdraw from the System at will, and National banks cannot do so without surrendering their charter. The advantages of belonging to the Federal Reserve System are very great, but there can be no doubt that, just as the British Empire is virtually a league of nations in itself, while still a member of the organization having its headquarters at Geneva, so a vast internationally flung banking, branch banking, and holding system is virtually a reserve system in itself, while retaining its membership in the Federal organization. It is only a question of to what length it can go.

What is true potentially of the Bank of Italy is also true potentially of several other banks. The fight for control is quite definitely on. Four other California banks have 190 branches between them, while eighty-two banks in the State now own over 600 of the local banking agencies of the State. There are, moreover, already some 300 branches of State banks in Michigan and some 250 in New York. Such great banking centers as Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Portland, and Seattle are saved from the difficulty by reason of the fact that they are in States which prohibit branch banking. Thus it is seen that branch banking is being developed everywhere to an amazing extent, and the more it develops, the more anxiously is it observed, not only by bankers, but by business men of all kinds, who realize that the stability of their business in the last resort depends utterly on the stability of the banking system of the country.

The latest development is the so-called

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McFadden Banking Bill, which, failing to get through the last session of Congress, has come up again in the present Congress.

This bill is backed by the Federal Reserve Board and by the Controller of the Currency, and it is designed, by amending the National Bank and the Federal Reserve Acts, to enable the National banks to meet the State banks on their own ground, and at the same time definitely stop the further spread of branch banking. The combined effect of Sections 8 and 9 of this bill would, in Mr. McFadden's own words, be to confine any form of branch banking within the Federal Reserve System by either State or National banks in what is now non-branch banking territory to the large cities.

"The heart of Section 9," declares Mr. McFadden, "is the clause which says to a State member bank, 'You shall not establish or acquire any more branches outside of the city in which you are located;' and to the non-member State banks, 'You shall not be permitted to enter the Federal Reserve System unless you relinquish all branches which you have beyond the limits of the city in which you are located.'"

In other words, the National banks are to be authorized to establish local home town branches in such States as permit branch banks. State member banks are to be permitted to retain such branches as they already have, but are debarred from further extension; while both National and State member banks are debarred from developing branch banks in any State at present closed to branch banking but which may subsequently permit it.

At the same time, under the proposed act, the National banks would be accorded privileges and facilities so as to enable them to compete on favorable terms with the State banks. They would be authorized to absorb State banks directly, to acquire real estate for further banking needs, and to make larger loans to customers on non-perishable agricultural commodities. They would be further helped by increasing the limits on the amount of paper of a borrower that may be rediscounted by a Federal Reserve bank. National bank charters would be given for an indefinite period so as to enable National banks to administer long-time and perpetual trusts, as is now done by State banks and trust companies, and by permitting them to make city real estate first-mortgage loans for as long a term as five years, instead of one year, as at present. How far such expedients would be successful time alone would show. That something of the kind must be done if the present situation is to be met is an opinion very widely held.

"Whether branch banking be good or bad of itself," says the "Magazine of Wall Street," "it is certain that it will undermine if not wipe out the National bank system, unless the banks of that system be permitted to fight fire with fire. And when the National banks are eliminated, or even substantially reduced, the Federal Reserve System becomes a phantom or a hollow shell." As to the final justice of such conclusions, opinions will differ, but there can be little doubt that the branch banking system represents a great revolutionary process at work in the body financial of the country, and as such vitally affects the interest of the American people as a whole.

# Are Americans Hated in Paris?

## By Ernest Dimnet

**Canon Dimnet, the distinguished French scholar, wrote this article upon his return to France from visiting in America. It is a delightful study of international psychology. Don C. Seitz presents another phase of the question in the article which follows.**

ALMOST the last thing I heard in America before sailing back to France was an urgent request from an influential New York hostess and a brilliant actress almost as popular in Paris as in the United States to let them know if it was true that there had developed in France an antagonism to Americans. Millions of people in America would detest the idea; they are happier in France than anywhere else in Europe and entertain for the French nation the same feeling which many Frenchmen cherish for Italy or Poland—at all events the supremely distinguished élite in Warsaw or Cracow. The *douceur de vivre* which seems to permeate the atmosphere the moment you land at Havre or Cherbourg would promptly disappear if sourness or sullenness replaced the familiar smile generally welcoming Americans. But is there any real danger of such a change?

I am afraid that some members of the American colony in Paris are largely responsible for the idea. Not that they themselves are conscious of any unpleasantness—more than half of them become in time almost undistinguishable from natives—but because they get irritated at the rush of American visitors whom the stabilization of the pound and of the mark has diverted from England and Germany, and fear to be drowned in the multitude of their own countrymen. It is by no means infrequent to hear them talk as if they were the authorized mouthpieces of the French, and with a vim resulting from the combination of their love for France with their freedom of speech as Americans. How should not the French get irritated? they say. More than half a million Americans crowd Paris every year; the American colony in Paris has risen from 28,000 to nearly 50,000 since 1923, and the cost of living registers their presence. The dollar can buy everything, and does buy too many French out of their homes. Do you in New York realize, they go on asking, that the triangle marked by the Crillon, the Opéra, and the Hôtel Regina—that is to say, as vast a section as forty blocks along Fifth and Madison Avenues—is entirely American, and practically as forbidden to the French as the Concessions Quarter in Shanghai is forbidden to the Chinese, because they can afford there neither a room, nor a meal, nor a jewel? The heart of Paris—the Place Vendôme—consists of American hotels or American banks. Number the châteaux in Brittany, Normandy, or the vicinity of Paris now American-owned. Where do French pictures, French statues, and French furniture go in rapid succession, especially now that the upper middle class is getting poorer? Whole country houses are shipped over to incongruous surroundings. And is it not true that half an ancient French monastery, loved and admired, it must be admitted, by the American artist who bought it, now shows its melancholy beauty near Fort Washington? How could the French not resent this? Above all, how could they not resent the atti-

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tude of official America on the debt question? You at home think you solve it by repeating the slogan, "They hired the money, let them repay it;" but we who live over here know what the French point of view is. The French say: "No money was ever hired; only munitions were sent over. From April, 1917, when America came into the war, these munitions ought to have been used by American soldiers. But the American soldiers did not appear for more than a year, and during that time the shells were shot for them by French gunners, who often lost their lives in doing so. Do you really mean to demand payment for those shells?" In that way do many Americans settled in Paris often represent the feelings of the French.

Are they right or wrong?

Every now and then an American of some prominence lands in New York and is asked the question. He may not know a word of French, may not have spoken with a single Frenchman except his chauffeur and his Swiss hotel-keeper, but he will answer. If he says, "Well, I am not quite sure that the feeling is what it used to be," the reporter, especially if he has reasons to be on a certain side, will abbreviate the impression as "hatred of U. S.," and the formula will be duly made even more snappy in the headlines. That is the way prejudices, or complexes, as the current phrase goes, are created; for Americans hardly look at the newspaper but what is supposed to be said against themselves in it they always believe to have been actually said, even if they regard it as entirely wrong.

The trustworthy witnesses ought not to be the permanent American residents in France, who become more sensitive than the French; nor the casual ill-equipped visitors, apt to misinterpret perfectly innocent little things (for instance, just now the inevitable jokes on the debt question in the music-halls, probably answering Will Rogers's daily satire at the Follies); but the intelligent, wide-awake American students, whose hundreds fill such university towns as Grenoble or Montpellier, not to speak of their thousands in Paris. These young men and women, now regularly sent over by their colleges in America, know the language, live with the natives—frequently in French homes—and in a few months become aware of all *nuances* without growing too French-like. They should know and they should be asked.

As a matter of fact, the French like strangers. As early as 1919 I saw large parties of Germans conducted through the Louvre and talking in their own language loudly; not a remark was made, although such visits were certainly premature. Foreign colonies in time become very dear to the French; under the Second Empire they were proud of seeing so much English aristocracy in Paris or Cannes, and even so many Prussian noblemen in Biarritz. The Waddingtons in Paris, the Johnsons in Bordeaux, not to speak of numerous MacMahons, O'Connors, Hennessys, Archdeacons, etc., have been thoroughly adopted without having to give up their language. American *châtelains* and *châtelaines* are almost universally beloved, and when there is a noble seventeenth-century mansion for sale in the old quarters of Paris the intelligent, sympathetic American purchaser is prayed for as its natural savior.

Wide World Photos

**"The triangle marked by the Crillon, the Opéra [center], and the Hôtel Regina . . . is entirely American, and practically forbidden to the French, . . . because they can afford there neither a room, nor a meal, nor a jewel"**

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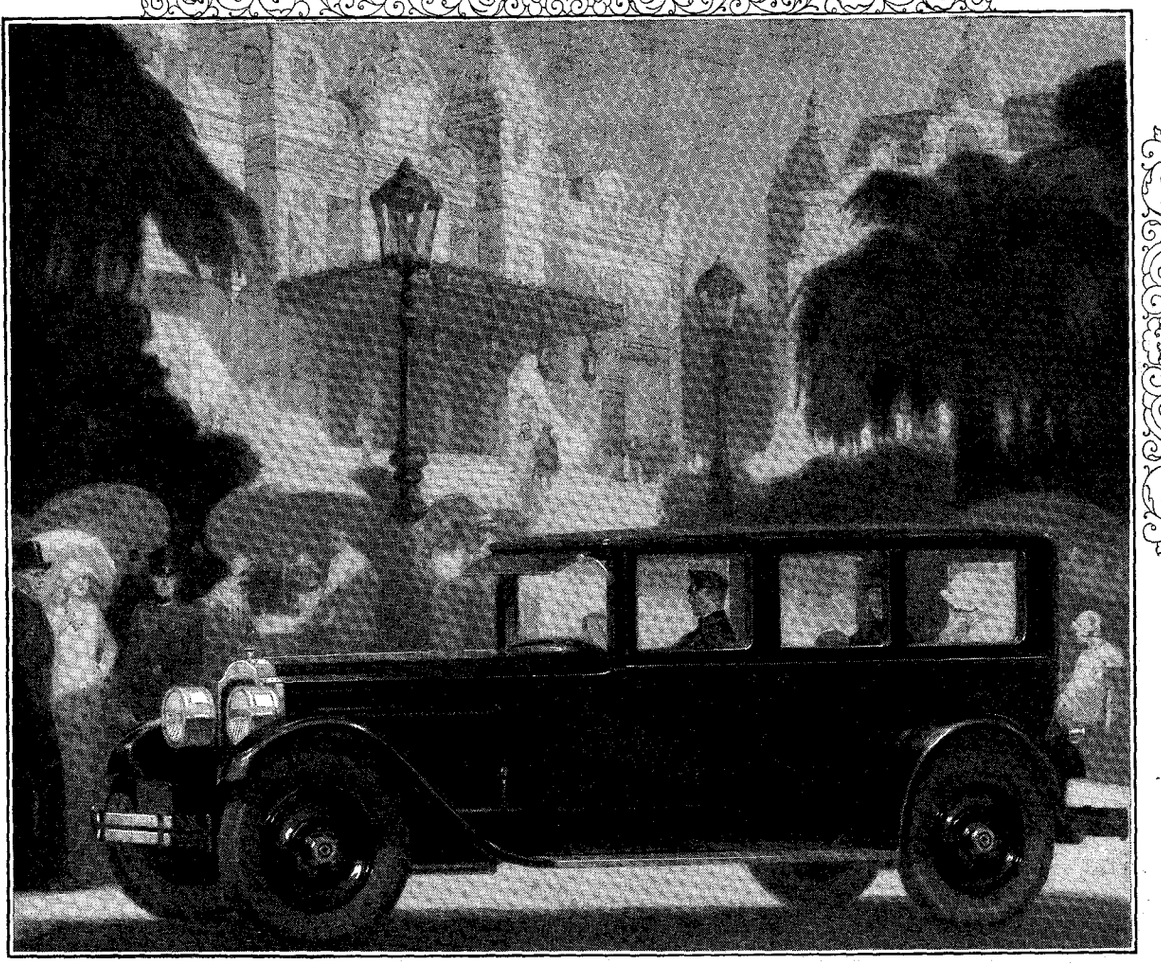

# —and now at Monte Carlo

THOSE who have been in Europe during the past few seasons remember the car beauty contests which have been a fad at the famous watering places on the Continent. *Concours d'Elégance-Automobiles* they are called in France.

In these contests, held where the wealth and fashion of all nations gather at play, the most luxurious special bodies, the world's finest motor cars, are judged for beauty and distinction.

Americans will be proud to learn that a standard American motor car has won first prize in such a competition — not once but eleven times!

Packard cars, entered by their private owners, have won first place for grace and beauty at Vichy, at Le Touquet and at Aix-les-Bains in France. At Wiesbaden, Neuenahr, Trier and Baden-Baden in Germany. At Oporto in Portugal. And now at Monte Carlo—that cosmopolitan center of luxury and beauty on the Riviera!

Such international acclaim confirms America's verdict —that the unchanging beauty and distinction of Packard lines have yet to be equaled or surpassed.

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There the dollar becomes eminently useful. Transients cannot hope to be treated like semi-naturalized residents; but how scarce are their really well-founded complaints! Certainly the French *fonctionnaire,* embittered by the constant effort to adjust his immovable salary to the ever-changing scale of prices, can hardly be expected to be more polite to foreigners he understands with difficulty than to his own countrymen, who generally resent his poor superiority and make him feel they do so. Parisian —not provincial—tradesmen have also lost their charm of the days when Heine would jostle people on the sidewalk *"pour entendre la musique des excuses;"* they make too much money and get spoiled, but the least reminder of commercial uncertainty is enough to make them perfectly civil again. Even the unfortunate prying of American customs agents into the shops in the Rue de la Paix is already forgotten. However, Americans ought not to imagine that everything should be done their own way, even, or perhaps especially, where their prejudices are at issue. Two years ago a colored gentleman—there are not a few here—who had been a brave officer during the war was turned out of a Montmartre café because his presence displeased the many American patrons of the place. Such a thing cannot but be deeply resented, for the French pride themselves on their kind treatment of Negroes. I would also advise American visitors not to suppose that everything in France must be cheap. "Cheap or cheat" is not the proper slogan in these days of uncertain monetary values. Once I acted as interpreter for a couple of Americans near Montparnasse who had given a taxi driver four *sous* for his tip and were surprised to see him furious. Less than twenty per cent of a taxi fare, as well as more than ten per cent of a restaurant bill, as a tip should be discouraged; but in most cases where unpleasantness is shown to an American he ought to have no doubt that the same, in similar circumstances, would be shown to a Frenchman.

Concerning the debt question, let me remind Americans that, in spite of what I said above of the interpretation—largely correct—given by some of his own countrymen over here, the French are eminently a debt-paying race. A nation of thrifty people, living on the soil inevitably is. It was the conjunction of the Washington failure with a terrible increase in the French difficulties that embittered the situation. Had Mr. Mellon come out earlier with his statement (of January 6) that "no nation should be forcibly compelled to pay, and that a prosperous Europe means more for America than the payment of the European debts," an immense feeling of relief would have prevailed at once. I was also sorry to find, on arriving from America, that only newspapers like the "Temps" or the "Débats" had given the attention it deserved to the illuminating correspondence between Mr. Piez, chairman of the Association of Illinois Manufacturers, and Senator Borah. But how many American readers, in my own observation, conscientiously skipped those letters! The debt question, like all money questions, especially with a background of sentiment, is irritating, but the moment it gets settled it will be forgotten, as the non-ratification by the American Senate of the Pact of Security for France is now forgotten, although it was the real cause for which the French were compelled to maintain a costly army and get called militarists for their pains. The French are naturally too cheerful to cultivate grudges, and the least chance they discover of relieving the somberness of their present situation is gladly seized upon. The Americans who sometimes complain of the French press should see with what enthusiasm the gift of an American home to a Paris institution is now welcomed by the newspapers.

# Lafayette, We Have Gone!

## By Don C. Seitz

WHETHER the fault lies in the Gallic temperament or our own, we have never gotten on well with France. General Pershing's "Lafayette, we are here!" sounded fine, but it ceased to echo long ago. Since France came to our aid in the American Revolution with men and money, and helped corner Cornwallis at Yorktown, friction has been almost continuous. The record would indicate that we treat foes better than we do friends.

For proof of this we can point to the cash paid Mexico for the taking of the Southwest, to the refunding of the Boxer indemnity to China, and the payment of $20,000,000 to Spain for the Philippine problem.

While France overthrew the Bourbon king who sent us the cargo of livres in time of need, it was the money of France, not of Louis XVI. After that worthy man lost his head France nearly lost its money. The new U. S. A., under its early Articles of Association, was a shaky affair, much bent on repudiating its debts and kicking its creditors. It rebelled against paying taxes even under the Constitution.

The first Minister from the Republic, the Citizen Genêt, was a fresh youth of eighteen, who came confidently to Philadelphia and made himself at home, as in a brother's house. He soon learned he was mistaken. Proceeding to fit out privateers and issue commissions, he found himself blocked. Britain had joined the monarchists of Europe in putting down the new Liberty, and Britain held a strong hand in America. The old Tory influences had regained their wealth and power. Though the people were republican and sympathetic, the Government was not. That Genêt was rash and impolitic cannot be gainsaid, but he was the representative of Liberty that had taken its cue from the United States, and thought it should fold him in its arms. It didn't. Instead, he became an object of suspicion and reprehension, the cause of much alarm that he might involve us with Great Britain. The parent country was still stepping on American grass along the Ohio country borders, holding Detroit and forts as near as the Maumee. Upon the sea she took such liberties as she would and forbade all neutral trade in supplies with France.

This we should have forcefully resented, but did not. Instead, John Jay was taken from the Supreme Court Chief Justiceship and sent to make a new treaty in London. Thomas Jefferson, who was friendly to France, resigned as Secretary of State because he could not fit himself into the situation. Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, who had been Attorney-General and Washington's personal counsel, took his place. He did not better matters, and wound up in a bad scrape.

The French recalled Genêt, who was wise enough not to go home, where his young neck would have suffered. France demanded that he be sent back a prisoner. This we declined to do. He stayed where he was, married one of the Clinton daughters, and led the life of a

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country gentleman across the creek from Albany.

Fauchet was Genêt's successor. To keep track of him France sent two co-adjutors, Petry and La Forest, to spy upon him and report his proceedings. The Nation owed France $2,500,000, and would not pay it. Fauchet was poor, and so was his Government. He begged for money. Small installments were promised and not paid.

Jay negotiated a treaty that put France at a vast disadvantage. It was held up, pending a reservation that the embargo on supplies be lifted. Washington expressed himself as firm for this concession. Fauchet was recalled for failing to prevent the acceptance of the treaty and for being a poor collector. Some of his papers were captured by a British cruiser, the Cerberus, and revealed a strong intimation that Randolph, the Secretary of State, had suggested that the cause of France could be helped by bribing a few influential pro-British Americans. He did not include Randolph in the number, but Washington felt his Administration was impugned and at once signed the treaty without the repeal of the embargo order. This happened August 14, 1795. Randolph resigned. He had, under Washington's direct instructions, been assuring Fauchet that we were France's friends. Relations with England safe, France was kicked downstairs. Washington retired from office, and John Adams came in. An unofficial war broke out with France on the sea; several fierce engagements were fought and won by the U. S. A. French privateers waylaid and plundered our ships. The result was a fine bill that grew to a ripe old age called French Spoliation Claims.

Jefferson came in, and things went smoother. He declined urgings to join the coalition and save the world from Bonaparte, observing that he would take his chances with the Corsican ogre. Instead of fighting France, he bought the Louisiana territory for $15,000,000—one of the best real estate deals on record.

Jefferson's day ended, and, after divers Administrations, Andrew Jackson, the mighty, took hold. He demanded a settlement from France, with the alternative of war. Some sort of one was made under this duress. Undistributed French spoliation claims still burden the Department of State. How Uncle Sam does hate to pay anything but salaries!

A side-line of injustice came to an end in Jackson's day. During the Revolution the merry Beaumarchais, to whom we owe the "Barber of Seville" and considerable cash, had indulged in speculative gun running. We took the arms,

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but did not pay for them in his day. He was ruined. Around 1830 his heirs accepted a compromise.

That the third Napoleon put Maximilian on the Mexican throne and desired to recognize the Southern Confederacy put another black mark against France. As a result we sympathized with Prussia in the conflict of 1870–1, which bred the Great War.

Then we went gloriously to the rescue of the Republic. "Lafayette, we are here!" became a war cry. France was duly rescued, but the doughboys came home calling the people "frogs." Those who remained behind to guard Ehrenbreitstein greatly rejoiced at being in Germany, and their commander, General Allen, has been crusading ever since on the German side. We rushed to make a treaty with the defeated Power, on most favorable terms. The borrowings of France are yet unadjusted and remain in the air. A large element in the country is clamoring for 100 cents on the dollar and insisting that President Coolidge shall collect it. He has a good record as a collector in Northampton.

But, after all, wherein lies the trouble? Lafayette, why have we gone?

# The Book Table

**Edited by EDMUND PEARSON**

## The New Dr. Jekyll

A GOOD argument could be made for a law against biographies of literary men. Most writers have uneventful lives, and biographers are hard put to it for anything to say. If his writings do not speak for a man and tell us all there is any need to know, the rest would frequently be most welcome silence. When an author writes his own life, he sometimes produces an amazing book which is especially interesting to other authors and to all who are interested in the mechanism of writing. And in the same work he may damage his own reputation. Anthony Trollope did both these things. In our own time Stevenson and Kipling have led lives of unusual interest; both were great travelers, both might almost be called men of action. I shall look with interest upon the life of Mr. Kipling which will be written one day, whether he wishes it or no; but I should be far more eager to read the autobiography which probably he will never write.

The new books about Robert Louis Stevenson have this merit: they are sure to make you turn once more to his own works. It happens opportunely that this season has seen the publication of the South Seas Edition of Stevenson.[1] The volumes are sold separately; they are small, light in weight, and attractive in appearance. They can easily and conveniently be carried while traveling and will literally fit into a pocket—a man's pocket, anyhow, and it would be dangerous to be sure that women haven't pockets the same size. The paper is as good as the very reasonable price will permit, and the dark-green bindings make them pleasing little books. They include a large amount of material available only within the last few years, and only in limited and expensive editions.

In them, for instance, are new essays, new passages from his diaries and criticisms, selections from his note-books, many new poems and letters, and eight or ten new stories. Fully as important as these are the prefaces to many of them written by his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, giving attractive and intimate glimpses of Stevenson at various periods of his life. These begin with the writer's first sight, as a little boy, of the strange and romantic young man who was to become his stepfather. Stevenson had just ended the "Inland Voyage," in a canoe on the rivers of France. Nearly twenty years later, and after wanderings and fine adventures together, Mr. Osbourne was to bury this great and fascinating man upon a mountain in the far-off South Seas.

This is a jolly kind of Complete Works; you can buy them whole or piecemeal, and, unless you are a library or an institution or a person with eighteen feet of book-shelves which must be filled up, I will risk the anger of the publishers and advise you to buy them a few at a time. There is much more chance of reading them if the whole platoon does not descend upon you at once. Perhaps you are one of the folk of college age who had looked upon Stevenson merely as a dead author until Mr. Steuart and Mr. Hellman each wrote his life, just as many of your contemporaries are going to learn about and get excited upon the subject of Abraham Lincoln because of Carl Sandburg's book. If so, I will venture to say that nobody needs be told about "Treasure Island," which has been recommended a thousand times, and almost forced upon children. Stevenson himself and many of the older and more orthodox of the critics probably preferred the books in which he reverently trod in the footsteps of Sir Walter Scott—that is, "Kidnapped," "David Balfour," "The Master of Ballantrae," and "Weir of Hermiston." If I were buying the volumes separately, my choice would be for none of these, but for the "New Arabian Nights," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "A Child's Garden of Verses," "The Wrecker," and "St. Ives." The last of these Stevenson condemned as a failure and despised as a pot-boiler; he did not live to finish it, but the work was well done for him by Quiller-Couch. I have always found it the gayest of his historical romances; it runs at a gallop, and lacks the conscious mannerisms of the books in the first group which I mentioned. By no means omit—perhaps you should buy it first—the "Island Nights' Entertainments," which include one of the best short stories ever written by mortal man, "The Bottle Imp," and another and longer tale of the South Seas, "The Beach of Falesá," which makes all the modern crop of South Sea writers look like very tiny little wriggling crawfish.

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From the pleasure of writing about these delightful books it is a wrench to turn to Mr. Hellman's book about Stevenson.[2] A year or two ago a two-volume life of Stevenson was written by a British author, Mr. John A. Steuart. It was much more comprehensive and, naturally, more interesting than Mr. Hellman's brief and specialized study. Beyond one or two minor discoveries it contained little that had not already appeared either in Stevenson's letters or in the books about him. Almost it seemed as if the book would never have been written at all if Mr. Steuart had not made one discovery which seemed enormous in his eyes: the name of a young Edinburgh prostitute with whom Stevenson in his youth had had a love affair! To many readers it seemed unbelievably childish that a book should start, or appear to start, from such a

[1] The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson. South Seas Edition. 32 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 90c. per vol. $28.80 the set.

[2] The True Stevenson. A Study in Clarification. By George S. Hellman. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.50.

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slight cause as this. Mr. Steuart, however, and even more Mr. Hellman, belong to that school of biographers capable of transforming a mole-hill into a whole range of Himalayas, provided only that the mole-hill is some incident connected with sex.

There were suppressions and omissions in the early biographies of Stevenson. There were some attempts to make a very lovable human being into a plaster saint. Mr. Moors, for instance, Stevenson's American friend in Samoa, resented the emphasis put upon his prayers, as though the novelist were a kind of Gospel-shouter. Goody-goodiness is silly, but equally silly is the other extreme to which the pendulum is now swinging. Stevenson was not a Dr. Jekyll, bland and righteous, but neither was he a Mr. Hyde. To write a book upon such unimportant material as Mr. Hellman had does not result in showing the true Stevenson any more, nor even as much, as the works of the earlier biographers who edited his cuss-words and were silent—sometimes for quite good reasons—about details of his private life which were of no great importance.

With many assertions that he too is an admirer of Stevenson, with many expressions of his desire to be just, with many gallant protests that he wishes to clear the fame of Stevenson's parents and friends, Mr. Hellman sets out to prove that it is rather paradoxical to hold Stevenson up as a model for youth. He tries to break down what he thinks is a myth about Stevenson's fortitude during a life of illness; and with the enthusiastic aid of an embittered woman, the first wife of Mr. Osbourne, he returns again and again to his attacks upon Fanny Stevenson, the wife of the novelist. Mr. Hellman and Mrs. Osbourne do a ghost dance around the grave of Mrs. Stevenson.

"She walked with a cane like a crone!" chants Mrs. Osbourne.

"She was a good wife for Stevenson," ululates Mr. Hellman, "but not always and not in every way! Hurrah!"

When Mr. Hellman argues that Stevenson's illness did not cause him much pain, and rather helped his career, I am reminded of those long periods when he lay motionless in bed, not daring to move for fear of bringing on a hemorrhage, and occasionally dictating a word or two at a time to his amanuensis by tapping with one finger upon her hand. Doubtless Mr. Hellman would find these easy and enjoyable conditions for literary work.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, not long ago, discovered that Mark Twain was a bitter man and a writer of great power, hampered and ruined by two incurable Puritans, Mrs. Clemens and Mr. Howells. They kept him writing such trivial sketches as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," when he really burned to produce masterpieces of gall and venom like "What Is Man?" and the others which he wrote when their influence was withdrawn. With his gun also loaded for Puritans, with his sense of the absurd carefully excised or congenitally absent, Mr. Hellman has gone forth to discover the truth about Stevenson. In the manner of the best dry-as-dust German critics, he begins to discover sour allegories in Stevenson's stories. A model of this unconscious humor is in his dissection of "The Bottle Imp;" it should delight all the Baconians who find hidden keys and ciphers in "Hamlet." But, most of all, he perturbs his soul over what he calls "The Sex Question," reminding me constantly of—

Diodorus Siculus,
Who made himself ridiculous,
By thinking that thimbles
Were all phallic symbols.

E. P.

## History

**A SHORT HISTORY OF SPAIN.** By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.50.

This book, says the author, "is intended for the ignorant and the indolent, for passengers in steamer chairs bound on their first voyage to Vigo or Barcelona, for freshmen or sixth-formers who wish to learn, with the least expenditure of effort, whether or not Spanish literature is likely to be worth such attention as they can spare from football and social pleasures."

The idea is all right; but that very distinguished scholar, Professor Sedgwick, is precisely not the man for its execution. He simply cannot make himself at home in the society he has chosen. Now he condescends from his professorial height, and condescension is not the ticket with Nailem, the freshmen tackle; anon he grotesquely feigns to place himself on the same level of general ignorance as Nailem & Co., and, though Nailem's scholastic standing may be dubious, you can't take him in. Worse yet, Professor Sedgwick is not sufficiently in sympathy with his theme. His attitude towards the Spanish people is almost always patronizing, sometimes contemptuous; and his criticisms of Spanish literature and art are too often merely destructive. His independence of judgment deserves high praise; but he is quite too eager to show his independence. On the other hand, there is some


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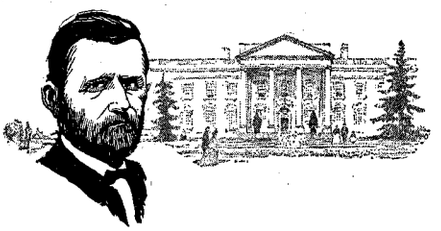

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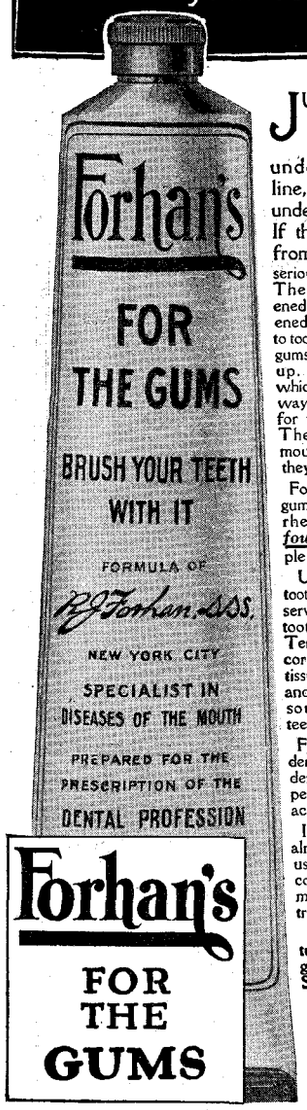


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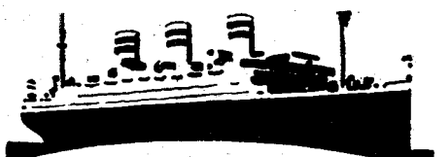

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criticism of very rare quality; almost enough of it, indeed, to save the book. As to politics, Professor Sedgwick narrates "merely enough to provide a historical frame for the story of literature and art." It is a rather flimsy frame.

**SKETCHES OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AMERICA: MORE "LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN FARMER."** By St. John de Crèvecœur. Edited by Henri L. Bourdin, Ralph H. Gabriel, and Stanley T. Williams. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $4.

This addition to Crèvecœur's writings will be warmly welcomed by all those who know his "Letters from an American Farmer." With four exceptions, the papers given here have not been printed before. For nearly a century and a half they have lain undisturbed in the cabinets of the Crèvecœur family in France. At his farm at Pine Hill, Orange County, New York, from 1769 to 1779, this French colonist busied himself, in his odd hours, by writing letters descriptive of the life and character of the settlers in his neighborhood. In the earlier years, gentleman born though he was, he found much that was pleasing in the rude manners of his neighbors. But after the Revolution broke out his sympathies changed. He sided with the Tories, who as a rule were wealthier and better cultivated than the separatists; and in the latter he came to see cruelty, rapacity, intolerance, and double-dealing. It was a terrible time, with faction running high, and savage reprisals were taken on both sides. His vivid account of the Wyoming massacre, though it acknowledges the merciless slaughter of the Americans who bore arms, asserts a restraint on the part of the Indians in their treatment of the aged of both sexes and of the women and children which has not generally been acknowledged. Crèvecœur suffered for his loyalty to the British cause. He was forced, in company with one of his sons, to flee from his farm. Taking refuge in New York, he was, strangely enough, imprisoned, and on his release found himself destitute. He was later enabled to reach France, and on his return to America as a French consul, after the war, he learned that his wife had died and that his other two children had been taken in charge and removed to Boston. He returned to France, where he remained until his death.

Crèvecœur was not a scholar, not even a cultivated man of letters. He was a man of action, intensely interested in what he did and saw, and he wrote with a naïve simplicity. He is sometimes verbose and sometimes over-sentimental; nevertheless he makes you see clearly the thing he describes or the event he narrates. Nothing of its kind could be better than his pictures of the comfort of a well-regulated farm household.

## Fiction

**RHODA FAIR.** By Clarence B. Kelland. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

Mr. Keiland has engaging ways as a story-teller. He does interest us in his people and what they do and say, and he has almost a superabundance of human sympathy. But he lets his plot run a bit wild, probably thinking more of readers in serial form than of those who see the complete book. We meet a sedate middle-aged gentleman aboard a crack Atlantic liner, wonder why he is so melancholy, and later learn that he is, positively and no joke, the Wandering Jew. Later he turns up in the Garden of Gethsemane and points out just where every one stood on the night before the Crucifixion, and just what took place the next day—"All these things I testify to." Of course this convinces the intellectual skeptic, ex-professor, who is simply asking to accept Christianity but must have legal proof! "It is enough," said Paul Dare. To be frank, this is tosh, not imagination. It is not, however, fairly typical of the book, which has lively action and original situations.

**THE LONE HAND.** By Joseph B. Ames. The Century Company, New York. $2.

A cowboy story—and one of the best.

**THE BURIED RUBIES.** By Edgar Jepson. The Siebel Publishing Corporation, New York. $2.

There is a little girl here—the Boiled Owl, her intimates call her—to know whom is a joy. The plot and the treasure hunt and the very peculiar villain are right enough, but the Owl is worth them all put together. But why does the author "slam" Toronto so causelessly and constantly? And why introduce a puff for the publishers of the book in the text?

**YOUNG LOVE.** By John G. Brandon. Brentano's, New York. $2.

Not a sentimental romance, as the title might suggest, but a lively, jolly, buoyant tale, with a chuckle on every page and a plot that keeps one wide awake. It is a little after the Wodehouse type, especially in the author's deft handling of both American and English slang and chaff. Bill Dennett, son of a Wall Street magnate, when his father tells him to strike out for himself if he won't be a financier, happens to be in London, to have a $15,000 motor car, to possess an ex-prize fighter as his valet, and to see a beautiful girl out of the window. He hires out, car and all, as her mother's chauffeur, finds a villainous plot against the girl, smashes the villain, gets a stock



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tip, and makes Wall Street rock—in fact, he gets more action to the chapter than any modern hero we know. And it is all good fun, and no one cares a rap whether it is probable or not.

## Politics and Government

**A DIPLOMAT LOOKS AT EUROPE.** By Richard Washburn Child, former American Ambassador to Italy. Duffield & Co., New York. $4.

The more interesting and important parts of this work are the chapters descriptive (mostly by unrevised transcription from Mr. Child's diary) of the Genoa Economic Conference and the first Lausanne Conference (on the Turkish mess), the first of which conferences Mr. Child attended as observer "of sorts," and the second as the chief American delegate. Then come the equally interesting chapters dealing with Mussolini and the Fascist Revolution. Publication at this time of the diary material, or, at any rate, the references to individuals, which furnish the spice, is in very doubtful taste; and the unqualified eulogy of Mussolini is more generous than discreet. There is a good deal of general comment on governments and men and diplomacy; well enough, but not, perhaps, of that "permanent value" modestly intimated by Mr. Child in his preface.

The reader is antagonized by Mr. Child's air of superiority, of self-complacency. Not that his book is by any means devoid of interest or merit, but one can't be expected to love Sir Willoughby.

## Travel

**JAPAN IN SILHOUETTE.** By Trowbridge Hall. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

The cherry blossoms and the Buddhas, the geishas and ceremonious *saké* of Japan, are more or less familiar. Mr. Hall has written about all these, and many other odd and interesting things seen and heard in his journey through the country. His book is full of sidelights on men and women of history and legend. Here is a sketch of Hideyoshi, sometimes called the Napoleon of Japan, "who was most famous for having given the largest tea-party on record;" the heroic tale of the forty-seven Ronin; and the moving story of Sister Desolation, the beautiful nun who, when dying, took all her letters from a rejected princely lover, pounded them into a pulp, and modeled therefrom a lasting likeness of herself as a symbol of undying fidelity. The Japanese theater, where the play begins at five and lasts until midnight, the scenery practically eliminated and the actor forgotten in the idea, is in strange contrast to our own. A poignant silhouette is the picture of the Japanese


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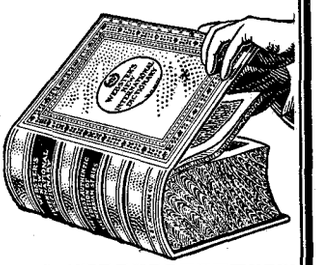

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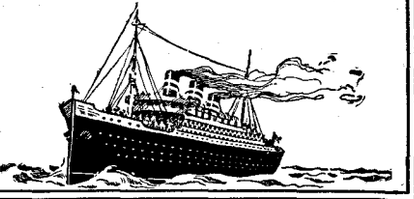




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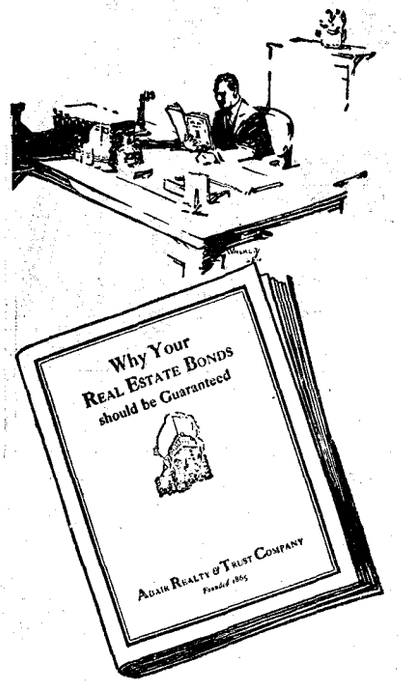


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**A DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI.** By Etsu Magaki Sugimoto. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.

A remarkable book in that it gives an intimate picture of Japanese home life, and also the impressions made upon a Japanese woman of culture and taste by American social manners. The author is one of a Samurai family who lived in a remote, and in winter snow-bound, part of Japan where old customs and ideas lingered. She came to America to be married to a Japanese business man who could not go to Japan for her. Her description of her child life is especially charming. Always she is gentle in tone and fair in her comments. The book is peculiarly attractive to women readers because of its countless detailed descriptions of the feminine side of Japanese life.

## Notes on New Books

**THE OLYMPIANS, AND OTHER POEMS.** By Amory Hare. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $1.75.

**WHAT IS FAITH?** By J. Gresham Machen. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.
By a professor in the Princeton Theological Seminary.

**ON NOTHING AND KINDRED SUBJECTS.** By H. Belloc. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.
Brief essays.

**GREAT LOVERS, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.** J. H. Sears & Co., New York.
Love stories from classic, mediæval, and Elizabethan authors.

**WAR ABOLITION.** By Harry P. Gibson. Robson & Adee, Schenectady.
By a business man who believes that the abolition of war is not an impossible ideal.

**HAS THE IMMIGRANT KEPT THE FAITH?** By Gerald Shaughnessy. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.
A study of immigration and Catholic growth in the United States, 1790 to 1920.

**MAINSPRINGS OF MEN.** By Whiting Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.
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**THE PLOT CONCERNS.** By Joseph Kaye and Burr Cook. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
The stories of twelve plays which have been running in this country during the past year or two.

**MUIRHEAD'S SOUTHERN ITALY, INCLUDING ROME, SICILY, AND SARDINIA.** By L. V. Bertarelli. The Macmillan Company, London.
Guide-book.

**TIMOTHEUS; OR, THE FUTURE OF THE THEATRE.** By Bonamy Dobree. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

**THE FELLOWSHIP OF FAITHS.** By Alfred W. Martin. The Roland Publishing Company, New York. $1.25.
Descriptions of great religions of the world, with selections from their sacred books.

**THE INESCAPABLE CHRIST.** By Walter Russell Bowie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.
Essays or sermons by the rector of Grace Church, New York.

**INTEREST RATES AND STOCK SPECULATION.** By Richard N. Owens and Charles O. Hardy. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.
A study of the influence of the money market on the stock market.

**STORY OF THE 168TH INFANTRY.** By John H. Taber. 2 vols. The State Historical Society, Iowa City, Iowa.
The history of this regiment in the World War.

**ROBERT SCHUMANN, HIS LIFE AND WORK.** By Herbert Bedford. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.
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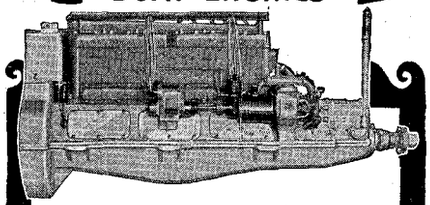

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# Rolls and Discs

## By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

IN spite of the great improvement in the electrically produced records over the mechanical ones, there is no need to scrap all the old-style records. Some of the old ones, when played on one of the new phonographs, give remarkably good results. Details appear that never could be noticed on the ordinary phonograph.

Of course the orchestra, with its variety of tone and its wide range of dynamics, sounds least effective on mechanical records. The piano, too, is a bugbear. But chamber music combinations and solo melodic instruments sound not at all badly—though even with them the difference is marked. Among the mechanical records we have heard on an "orthophonic" machine we remember a number which seemed almost as good as if they were electrically made. Especially the "Scheherezade," played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Victor; the "Carnival of Animals," by Saint-Saëns, Columbia; the Septet of Ravel, Columbia; the Brahms D Minor Sonata, played by Catterall and Murdoch, Columbia.

## Phonograph Records

**IN SPRINGTIME—OVERTURE** (Goldmark). Played by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Stock. Electrically recorded; in two parts, on one record. Victor.

**BARBER OF SEVILLE—OVERTURE** (Rossini). Played by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Rudolph Ganz. Electrically recorded; in two parts, on one record. Victor.

**PIQUE DAME—OVERTURE** (Von Suppé). Played by the Capitol Grand Orchestra, conducted by David Mendoza. Electrically recorded; in two parts, on one record. Brunswick.

A varied array of overtures. None of the three constitutes a particularly heavy musical diet; "In Springtime" has less whipped cream and more nourishment than the other two. Its performance by the Chicago Orchestra, long associated with the name of Theodore Thomas, is colorful and expressive. "The Barber of Seville" is in the melodic Italian style. The ensemble playing of the St. Louis Orchestra records unusually well, probably because of the predominance of stringed instruments. The violins have a hard tone, but a clear and crisp attack.

Undoubtedly, the Chicago and St. Louis Orchestras will turn a glance of pitying scorn at any one who places them side by side with a "movie" orchestra. But, though the Capitol Grand Orchestra of New York lacks some of the finesse and tonal beauty of the better symphony orchestras, it is a highly respectable organization. It plays the rollicking and frothy "Pique Dame" with precision, clearness—and plenty of gusto.

**CONCERTO NO. 1 IN G MINOR—for Violin and Orchestra** (Bruch). Played by Albert Sammons and orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. Mechanically recorded; in six parts, on three records. Columbia.

All three movements abound with passages of sheer beauty. The concerto is a continuous flow of eloquence, mostly in the classic symphonic style which Brahms employs so well, but sometimes with true Wagnerian declamation. The orchestra successfully keeps in the background enough to let the solo violin predominate, and rushes in at appropriate moments to lend volume. Sammons gives a performance more than adequate. These English violinists are not to be sneezed at! Aside from a bothersome scratch in the first record and the unavoidable shortcomings of old-style records, we have no fault to find with the recording.

**SONATA IN A MAJOR—for Violin and Piano (Franck).** Played by Arthur Catterall and William Murdoch. Mechanically recorded; in eight parts, on four records. Columbia.

Franck's finely wrought melody is sometimes tossed on turbulent seas, and sometimes sails peacefully over the unruffled surface of a harbor. The sonata is full of delights, especially in the spirited finale, where piano and violin follow each other in canonic imitation. Again we must comment on the beautiful quality of Arthur Catterall's playing. The piano, however, is too faint. It is only a feeble accompaniment, whereas its true place in a sonata is on a par with the violin.

**QUINTET IN G MINOR** (Mozart). Played by the London String Quartet with Alfred Hobday, Viola. Mechanically recorded; in six parts, on three records. Columbia.

In the catalogue's comment on this quintet we are reminded that Mozart made the remark: "Melody is the essence of music; I compare a good melodist to a fine racer, and contrapuntists to hack post-horses." The G Minor Quintet is one of the supreme examples of Mozart's melodic writing. Yet—though it is heresy to say so!—a great deal of the melody in this quintet left us with no desire to hear it a second time. It held no individual charm of its own. It has simply the charm that is common to all Mozart. What does give constant pleasure in Mozart's chamber music is the perfection of his writing for stringed instruments. And it is interesting to notice how much of an increase in sonority he has gained by the simple addi-

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The Editors of The Outlook
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tion to the string quartet of another viola.

**MENUET** (Bach-Winternitz); **GAVOTTE** (Beethoven-Kramer). Played by Fritz Kreisler. Electrically recorded. Victor.

Bach in a light mood. The "Menuet" is joyous song, touched with a bit of minor. Beethoven's "Gavotte" is in much the same spirit. Kreisler's playing is distinguished by his usual sympathetic, almost spiritual interpretation. We were pained to notice, where the piano accompaniment was prominent, a piano tone far from true.

**HUNTING SONG FROM ROBIN HOOD** (De Koven); **THE SWORD OF FERRARA** (Bullard). Sung by the Associated Glee Clubs of America. Electrically recorded. Columbia.

Once we overheard some one ask in a phonograph store whether there was any device to record one's favorite radio selections. Until such a device is made one must be content with such records as this and its companion, "Adeste Fideles" and "John Peel," recorded at a concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. It is not a perfect piece of recording, but it is vivid and masculine and exhibits impressive volume.

## Piano Rolls

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**FLIRTATION IN A CHINESE GARDEN; RUSH HOUR IN HONG KONG** (Chasins). Played by Frank Sheridan. Ampico.

Chasins is a young American composer who has recently received no little attention from the musical world. These pieces are light and fantastic. Everything supposedly Chinese must, according to tradition, be patterned after a certain mold. The first is; the second fairly bulges out of its confines on all sides. Its performance—also by a comparatively young American—admirably catches the spirit of the composition.

**A LA DIEN AIMÉE** (Schütt). Played by Harold Bauer. Duo-Art.

A light concert selection in which the composer, though writing in good taste, had nothing momentous to say. Harold Bauer manages to say it extremely well.



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Cape Cod
The Summer Vacationland of America
*1926 Catalog of Listings Sent on Request*
**HENRY W. SAVAGE, Inc.**
10 State Street, Boston, Mass. Est. 1840
SECURE YOUR SUMMER HOME NOW

*New York*

**FOR SALE, at sacrifice. Residence, 256 Rich Ave., Chester Hill, Mt. Vernon**

Plot 100 x 114 feet, with fine shade trees. Has large porch, living, dining, and breakfast rooms, modern kitchen, 6 bedrooms, 2 attic rooms, 2 bathrooms, running water in 2 bedrooms. Hardwood floors; laundry and toilet room in basement. Hot-water heating system, with Minneapolis Regulator. Separate Ruud hot-water heater; 2-car garage, hollow tile construction, with "Wasco" heating system. Near both grammar and high schools. 10 minutes from New Haven station. Price $26,000. Terms to suit purchaser. **Owner, Ernest H. Gardner, phone, Oakwood 8174, or Lackawanna 3000.**

**Fresh Air Home For Sale** Several acres and 2 buildings well equipped for 30 children. Splendid location for permanent or summer work. Philanthropic organization may purchase at cost price. Address 4,779, Outlook.

*Rhode Island*

**TO RENT—Summer Cottages**

From five to twelve rooms, completely furnished and all modern improvements, on ocean front and beautiful salt water pond, near Watch Hill, R. I. For particulars address M. S. DAMEREL, Westerly, R. I.

*Vermont*

**Summer home,** cool, comfortable, roomy. Surroundings wonderfully beautiful. Must be sold before April. Ask for views. Full particulars. Charles Billings, Bethel, Vt.

## Instruction

**Opportunity to become TRAINED NURSE. $15** monthly allowance. Ideal living conditions. Tennis, surf bathing. 3 hours from New York. 8-hour day. 2½ year course. Age 18 to 32; 2 years high school. Send for descriptive folder and application. Southampton Hospital Association, Southampton, Long Island, N. Y.

*For Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, and Miscellaneous Advertisements see next page*



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## Board—Rooms

Excellent accommodations are offered in physician's home to elderly person or one looking for homelike surroundings. For terms and further particulars address Mrs. C. J. HYDE, 63 Gulf St., Milford, Conn.

## STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

1,000 letterheads, 8½ x 11, 1,000 envelopes $6, good paper; better paper at little higher prices. Quotations gladly given on printing; small publications wanted. Rue Publishing Co., 104, Denton, Md.

PERSONAL stationery—200 6 x 7 or 100 folded sheets, 100 envelopes, mailed for $1.00. Hammermill or Atlantic Bond. Hicks, Stationer, Macedon Center, N. Y.

## EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

SECRETARIES, social workers, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

## HELP WANTED

A man of education and refinement, preferably between ages of thirty and forty-five, to be companion to elderly gentleman. Must be tactful and of kindly disposition. Delightful home. References required. 6,693, Outlook.

CHURCH worker, energetic, intelligent, and willing to travel within reasonable distance of home, can obtain good position in the promotion of a very definite phase of Christian work. State full particulars in first letter. 6,674, Outlook.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite J-5842, Washington, D. C.

MINISTER: Is there a retired or non-parochial clergyman or religous worker, with sales ability, who wishes to do a very definite piece of Christian work, with liberal payment? If so, write 6,673, Outlook.

SALESMEN wanted. $10 daily easy. We start you in auto accessory business. No investment, no experience necessary. Exclusive territory. Motor Products Co., 1760 Lund Ave., Chicago.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPETENT governess, experienced, desires position in private school for backward children. 6,701, Outlook.

CULTURED woman, finished pianiste, would like position as companion with gentlewoman who loves music. Protestant. New York vicinity preferred. Photographs and references exchanged. 6,671, Outlook.

EDUCATED, experienced woman as governess and mother's assistant. 6,703, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED, capable business manager and purchasing agent for Protestant educational institution will be open for engagement. References. 6,704, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED managing housekeeper (Southern college) wants position seashore, June–September, in private family or club. Would take charge of children in absence of parents. 6,705, Outlook.

POSITION as companion or tutor by college graduate with five years of teaching and one year of nursing experience. Travel desired. 6,700, Outlook.

REFINED middle aged woman desires position as companion or housekeeper. Country or travel. 6,697, Outlook.

TEACHER of wide experience with both boys and girls (daughter of college professor) desires position, preferably in boarding school, as matron, housemother, or chaperon. 6,698, Outlook.

WANTED, by executive woman of culture and refinement, position as club manager, hostess, or supervisory housekeeper in club, school, or college. Experienced in each capacity. 6,694, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture and education, 34, English, experienced secretary-housekeeper-governess, 6 years America, wants position, April or later, where executive ability is needed, possibly in motherless home. At present employed. Highest references given. Good salary asked, but, above all, congenial surroundings desired and appreciated. 6,706, Outlook.

WOMAN, refined, experienced elderly and young people, desires position. Matron, housemother, care invalid, any responsible position. 6,699, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, good education, desires position as permanent or traveling companion. Will give excellent references. 6,702, Outlook.

## MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

LADIES—Let Patricia Dix help you with that next club or study paper. Information upon request. Rates reasonable. 6,298, Outlook.


# By the Way

THE Catholic Actors' Guild recently staged a contest with a prize-winning reward of a trip to Europe. A member of the Jewish Actors' Guild won out. He is sailing on a boat commanded by a Presbyterian and owned by an Episcopalian.

The Ohio "State Journal" says that it will believe that Secretary Hoover has no further political ambitions when he gets the shoe manufacturers together and insists that the number of models for females now on the market, which we understand is 897, be cut down to four in the interest of efficiency and economy.

Felix Isman tells an amusing story of the psychology of gamblers. Two men went to a gambling-house and played for some hours. When they left, one berated the other: "Why didn't you do as I told you? You wouldn't have lost." "But," said the other, "you lost just as much as I did." "Yes, I did, but mine lasted longer than yours."

The day after the coal strike settlement the New York "Graphic" came out with headline streamers on both the front and back pages—"GRAPHIC SETTLES COAL STRIKE." It is too bad Bernarr Macfadden hadn't started his paper before the World War commenced. He has claimed almost everything now except the discovery of America.

The classified exchange advertising sections of the New York tabloid newspapers contain a great preponderance of offers to trade encyclopædias and sets of standard authors for radio equipment.

Howard Brubaker writes: "According to a report, the Democrats are thinking of making a political issue out of the Italian debt settlement. They are not yet certain whether the terms are too hard or too easy, but they intend to be pretty bitter about it."

The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company is paying $150,000 a year for their sign on the Hearst Building on Columbus Circle, New York City. This is said to be the record price for a single outdoor advertising billboard.

"Does your mother ever pay you any compliments?" said Sam to his pal, Alexander.

"Only in the winter time," replied the other, "When the fire gets low, she says: 'Alexander, the grate!'"

Here are some old friends with new trimmings reported by the Omaha "World-Herald:"

Uneasy lies the head with the permanent wave.

A stitch in time saves embarrassment.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make a Florida real estate development.

A new broom sweeps the pocketbook clean.

A penny saved is subject to taxation.

A green apple a day will keep the doctor busy.

Where there's a will there's an attempt to break it.

A thing of beauty is a candidate for the movies.

The butcher, the baker, and the electric light company.

Where there is smoking there is an anti-tobacco league.

A miss is as good as her smile.

Beauty is only rouge deep.

What goes up must come down with the exception of the cost of living.

Time and tide must wait for the traffic cop.

Cigarette sales increased by nine billion last year. The official sales figures for the year just closed were 79,959,234,000. While cigarettes gained heavily, cigars fell off. The number of cigars sold in 1925 were 6,921,328,000.

She: "I wonder who invented that superstition about Friday being an unlucky day?"

He: "Oh, some poor fish."

"Abie's Irish Rose" has been playing on Broadway, New York City, for five years. The end is not yet in sight. Nevertheless Miss Anne Nichols, author of the phenomenon, is preparing its successor. This will be called "Abie's Children." All of which calls to mind Bob Benchley's prediction that we would soon have a revival of "Abie's Irish Rose" in modern clothes.

Johnnie, when asked by his people to define "deficit," said:

"A deficit is what you've got when you haven't as much as if you had had just nothing."

"The Prisoner's Song," that woeful dirge that you have been hearing every time you turn your radio dial, has reached the 800,000 mark in sheet-music sales. One million phonograph records of it have been sold. Guy Massey, the previously unknown author, died just as the enormous royalties began to come in. Tin Pan Alley now says that Massey had to die to put his song over, while Irving Berlin made "Remember" a hit simply by getting married.

The names of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin have been admitted to the New York Social Register.

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra will receive $5,000 for a one-hour program to be broadcast over the radio late in March. He has previously refused $8,000 to play for radio listeners, and is only consenting this time because he is leaving the country for a year, and is no longer afraid that if people hear his orchestra free of charge they will not buy tickets for his concerts.

The following incident was considered first-page news by the great New York "World:"

Two friends at dinner in a midtown club last night discussed the romance of a mutual acquaintance.

"Alice is pretty fond of him, isn't she?" said one.

"She's head over heels in love with him," rejoined the other. "She's quit drinking, she's quit smoking, she's quit swearing."

And he wasn't joking when he said it.

There are now on file at the Department of Commerce, Washington, 385 applications from prospective broadcasters for "any kind of a wave-length" that can be secured. If either the White Bill or the Dill Bill becomes a law, all existing broadcast licenses will be canceled, and every one who has ever thought of having a broadcast station is getting his application in now. This country now has 536 broadcasting stations. There are only 276 stations in all the rest of the world.

O, MLE, what XTC
I always feel when UIC.
I used to rave of LN'S eyes,
4 LC I gave countless sighs;
4 KT, 2, and LNR,
I was a keen competitor;
But each now's a non-NTT,
4 U XL them all, UC.

Answer to last week's anagram: Risen, siren, rinse, resin, and reins.



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